THE

HISTORY

OF

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON,

Abridged from the WORKS of

SAMUEL RICHARDSON, Esq;

Author of PAMELA and CLARISSA.

A new Edition, adorned with Copper Plates.

LONDON:
Printed for E. NEWBERY, at the Corner of St. Paul's Church-Yard. 1789.

Price One Shilling.

THE

HISTORY

OF

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, Bart.

CHAP. I.

A conciſe Account of Sir Thomas Grandiſon *and his Lady, and the Education they gave their Son. The Death of that Lady.*

SIR CHARLES, the ſubject of this Hiſtory, was the only ſon of Sir Thomas Grandiſon, a perſon fond of magnificence and ſplendor, who valued himſelf on his breed of race-horſes and hunters, and on his kennels, in which he was prodigiouſly extravagant. He inherited from his father an eſtate in England, which brought in 6000*l.* a year, and another in Ireland, worth about 2000*l.* per annum, beſides a very conſiderable fortune in

money. His lady, who was of a noble family, alſo brought him a great fortune. She was a moſt excellent woman, to whom he was a complaiſant, but careleſs huſband. Soon after his marriage, giving way to his predominant inclination for pleaſure, he entirely left the care of the family to her, who chearfully applied herſelf to the domeſtic duties; and finding that ſhe could not prevail on Sir Thomas to reduce his expences, ſhe thought it prudent to uſe her utmoſt endeavours to enable him to ſupport them, without diſcredit to himſelf, or any viſible injury to his family. Yet this lady, while ſhe uſed the beſt œconomy, was free from all narrow, mean, and ſelfiſh views: ſhe was beloved for her benevolence and generoſity, and idolized by her poor neighbours. She had a plentiful table, and was extremely hoſpitable, both from her natural goodneſs, and to give credit to her huſband. By this excellent lady, Sir Thomas had a ſon and two daughters, who received from her the beſt part of their education, ſhe inſtilling into their young minds the firſt principles of chriſtianity, and ſtrong ideas of moral rectitude.

Sir

Sir Thomas, conſidering his daughters as an incumbrance, grew extremely fond of his ſon, and placing all his affections on him, was deſirous of his becoming maſter of every accompliſhment: he early filled his mind with high notions of honour, and before he had reached his thirteenth year, provided him a maſter to inſtruct him in the ſcience of defence; hence the amiable youth ſoon acquired ſuch ſkill in the weapons, as gave the greateſt ſatisfaction both to his father and maſter. He had remarkable ſtrength of body, with great agility, and this exerciſe added to both, while the praiſes he received from his father and maſter ſo inflamed his courage, that he was almoſt tempted to wiſh for a ſubject to exerciſe it upon. His excellent mother, however, trembled for the effects of their praiſes, which ſhe dreaded might render him too liable to take offence, and to reſent it with the ſword, to the danger of his own life, or of his future peace of mind; and was continually diſcourſing to him on the virtues of true magnanimity, the law of kindneſs, benevolence, and forgiveneſs of injuries; frequently reminding him,

that what he was then learning was called the ſcience of defence, and not of offence.

Mr. Grandiſon had the misfortune to loſe this beſt of mothers while young; but it was by a circumſtance that deeply impreſſed all her leſſons on his heart. His father was brought home, as it was thought, mortally wounded in a duel, when this good lady's ſurprize threw her into fits, from which ſhe was never after free, and the danger in which Sir Thomas continued for a conſiderable time, with her extraordinary ſolicitude and care in attending him night and day, broke her conſtitution, and brought her into an ill ſtate of health, that ſoon proved fatal. A few hours before this excellent lady expired, after having, on general principles, warmly recommended to her children, duty to their father, and brotherly and ſiſterly love, as neceſſary to their happineſs, ſhe had a private diſcourſe with her ſon on the ſame ſubject, in which ſhe with great affection recommended his ſiſters to him: they entering at this inſtant found him in tears, when the amiable youth, taking each of their hands, kneeled down, and put them into his mother's held-out dying hand;

hand; then bowing his face upon all three, he cried, All, madam—all, my deareſt, beſt of mamma's, that you have enjoined —He was unable to proceed; but their arms were bedewed with his tears.—— Enough, enough my ſon, I diſtreſs you! ſhe returned, and kiſſing her own arm, added, Theſe, my dear, are precious tears —you embalm me with your tears,——O how precious the balm! Then lifting up her head, ſhe kiſſed him, and repeated her bleſſings.

Upon her death, the engaging youth became inconſolable. He loved his father, but had been more particularly fond of his mother. Sir Thomas, though he had given but little attention to his education in general, was extremely fond of him, and had taken the leſs care on this head, as he was well convinced that his neglect would be well ſupplied by his excellent lady, who had mingled her inſtructions with thoſe of the maſters of the ſeveral ſciences, who, at her deſire, attended upon him.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Mr. Grandiſon *ſets out on his Travels. The diſſolute Life of* Creutzer *his Governor. Mr.* Grandiſon *becomes intimate with Dr.* Bartlett, *Governor to Mr.* Lorimer, *a profligate young Gentleman, who contracting an Intimacy with* Creutzer, *the latter commits Crimes which oblige him to ſeek his Safety in Flight. Mr.* Lorimer *and a Courtezan conſpire the death of Dr.* Bartlett; *which is near been effected. Mr.* Lorimer's *Death. Inſtances of Mr.* Grandiſon's *Generoſity.*

THE young gentleman being ſeized with a deep melancholy on his ſuffering ſo irreparable a loſs, his father, who was alſo greatly grieved, and the more ſo, as he could not help reproaching himſelf for having, in ſome meaſure, been the occaſion of that loſs, yielded to the entreaties of General W. his late lady's brother, to permit him to travel. The General recommended for a governor to Mr. Grandiſon, one Creutzer, an officer under

under him, who having been wounded, was obliged to quit the army. Sir Thomas allowed his ſon, who was about ſeventeen, 800l. a year, from the time of his ſetting out on his travels, and ſometime after raiſed his allowance to 1000l.

Creutzer, though recommended by his uncle, ſoon convinced Mr. Grandiſon, that he was a moſt abandoned profligate; he had, however, the happineſs, by his prudence, to eſcape ſeveral ſnares which this artful wretch laid for his virtue, from the hopes, that if he could betray him into them, he ſhould ſilence his remonſtrances againſt his own bad conduct, and prevent his complaining of him in his letters to Sir Thomas.

When they were at Turin, Mr. Grandiſon commenced an acquaintance with Dr. Bartlett, governor to Mr. Lorimer, a young gentleman, with whom Mr. Creutzer became extremely intimate, and the two former became as cloſely united from their good qualities, as the two latter from their bad ones. Several riotous things were done there by Mr. Grandiſon's governor and Lorimer, who, notwithſtanding the Doctor's uſing his utmoſt

endeavour

endeavours to keep them aſunder, were almoſt conſtantly together; but one of their exploits rendering them in danger from the civil magiſtrate, Creutzer, to avoid the puniſhment he deſerved, fled to Rome, from whence he wrote to deſire Mr. Grandiſon to join him in that city.

The worthy youth, who had often in vain threatened to complain of him to his father, then ſent to inform him of the profligacy and abandoned principles of the man who had been placed over him, in order to direct his conduct, and to intreat him to appoint him another governor, or permit him to return to England, till he had choſe one for him. In the mean time he beſought Doctor Bartlett to allow him to apply to him for his advice and inſtruction, till he had received his father's anſwer. Sir Thomas wrote him word, that having heard of his prudence from every mouth, he gave him full liberty to chooſe what companion he pleaſed, and appointed him no other governor but his own diſcretion. Upon this, Mr. Grandiſon, more earneſtly than before, with a modeſty and diffidence of himſelf, ſuited to his natural generoſity of temper, that would never permit

permit him to grow vain, and aſſuming upon indulgence, entreated the Doctor's directions with the greateſt earneſtneſs; and when they were obliged to part, they eſtabliſhed a correſpondence that was to laſt as long as their lives.

While the empty and profligate Mr. Lorimer paſſed through a few of the cities of Lombardy, where he ſpent his time in diſſipation, and attending the idle diverſions of the places in which he lived, Mr. Grandiſon made almoſt the tour of Europe, and yet took ſufficient time to make ſuch remarks upon perſons, places, and things, as could ſcarcely be believed to be the obſervations of a man ſo young.

Dr. Bartlett obſerving the idle manner in which Mr. Lorimer ſpent his time, was the more patient, as he hoped the carnival at Venice would be over before his pupil got to that city. But Lorimer ſuſpecting that he intended to prevent his being there, gave his governor the ſlip, and got thither at the very beginning of it. The Doctor was obliged to follow him, and on his arrival at Venice, had the mortification to hear that he was one of the moſt diſſolute perſons there. When he ſaw him again,

he

he ſet before him the example of Mr. Grandiſon, a much younger man, and endeavoured to inſpire him with emulation, by reading to him ſome of Mr. Grandiſon's letters. But all the effect theſe had upon him, was to encreaſe his averſion both to his governor and to that gentleman. However, by one of theſe letters, he for a time obtained ſome reputation: it was written ſome months before it was ſhewn him, and deſcribed ſome places of note through which Mr. Grandiſon had paſſed; he therefore contrived to ſteal it, and his father having frequently deſired him to let him ſee a ſpecimen of his obſervations on his travels, he copied it almoſt verbatim, and ſent it as his own. The Doctor was greatly ſurprized on his receiving a congratulatory letter from his father on his ſon's improvements, mixed with ſome little aſperity at the Doctor's having repreſented him in a too diſadvantageous light. The fond father obſerved, that he could never believe that a ſon of his wanted genius, and he was certain he needed nothing but to apply. He then gave orders for doubling the value of his next remittance. Upon this, Doctor

tor Bartlett taking the young gentleman to taſk, he owned what he had done, and ſeemed greatly elated at his contrivance. His governor, however, thought proper to undeceive the father. Mr. Lorimer, enraged at Dr. Bartlett for expoſing him, and for his continually obſtructing his lawleſs purſuits, was determined to make him repent it; and becoming acquainted with a courtezan, who by her ſubtle and dangerous contrivances had ruined many young travellers, they joined in a reſolution to be revenged on the Doctor, whom they conſidered as their greateſt enemy. They formed ſeveral projects, and one of them proved ſo ſucceſsful, as to put his life in the greateſt danger. Great pains had been taken with Lorimer to inſtruct him in the hiſtories of ancient Greece and Rome; and his tutor being a learned man, was very deſirous of ſeeing thoſe places of ancient Greece of which he had read ſo much. Doctor Bartlett, with great difficulty, prevailed on the young man to leave Venice, where the vile woman, and the diverſions of the place, had taken ſcandalous hold of him. He took him with him to Athens, where he at length

found that very woman, who had given him ſuch uneaſineſs at Venice, had followed them, and was ſtill Lorimer's miſtreſs. However, upon their being guilty of ſome freſh enormities, he complained of her to the tribunal of Chriſtians, conſiſting of eight venerable men, out of the eight diviſions of the city, who determine cauſes among the Chriſtians; when they taking cognizance of the facts, this abandoned woman ſuborned wretches to accuſe the Doctor to the Cadi, who is the Turkiſh judge of the place, as a dangerous, diſaffected perſon: and he being corrupted by preſent, got the Vayvode or governor to interfere, on which the Doctor was ſeized, and thrown into priſon. His Chriſtian friends in the place were forbidden to interpoſe in his favour. He was denied the uſe of pen and ink, and all acceſs to him was prohibited. After which, the vile woman, having taken proper meaſures with the perſons ſhe had ſuborned for continuing the worthy Doctor in his ſevere confinement, returned with her paramour to Venice, where they abandoned themſelves to the moſt diſſolute manner of life.

In

In the mean time, Mr. Beauchamp, a young man of learning and fine parts, who had ſome time before made an acquaintance with Mr. Grandiſon, viſiting Athens, was informed of the Doctor's misfortune, and being told that Mr. Grandiſon was then at Conſtantinople, ſent a man on purpoſe to inform him of the whole affair, with all the particulars that had come to his knowledge. Mr. Grandiſon, who, at this information, was ſtruck with grief and aſtoniſhment, immediately applied to the Engliſh Ambaſſador at the Porte, and alſo to the French Miniſter there, to whom he was known, and they made application to the Grand Vizier; upon which an order was iſſued for ſetting the Doctor at liberty. Mr. Grandiſon with a view to haſten the Chiaux who carried it, accompanied him, and reached Athens juſt as the Vayvode, who had found the Doctor's finances exhauſted, had determined to get rid of the whole affair in a private manner, by the bow-ſtring. The danger endeared the Doctor to the generous mind of Mr. Grandiſon; and ſo happy and ſenſible a relief endeared Mr. Grandiſon to the Doctor; while both

of them were filled with gratitude to Mr. Beauchamp, who had buſied himſelf in the beſt manner he could to ſuſpend the fatal blow, and would not leave Athens till he had ſeen the Doctor delivered.

Mr. Lorimer's father not having the leaſt idea that his ſon had any concern in the plot formed againſt Doctor Bartlett, wrote to entreat that gentleman, when he had obtained his liberty, to take his ſon again under his care; and the Doctor, as little thinking then that his pupil had been capable of ſo baſe an inſtance of villainy, returned to Venice, and got him out of the hands of the vile woman, after which they went to Rome. But there the unhappy Lorimer, continuing his profligate courſes, at length became a ſacrifice to his vices. On his death-bed, he confeſſed his connivance at the plots which this infamous woman had formed againſt the Doctor, and particularly that which ſhe had carried into execution at Athens. He was filled with horrors not to be deſcribed, and as his death approached, begged for life with the greateſt earneſtneſs, promiſing, on that condition, the moſt perfect reformation. The manner of his

his death, and the crimes of which he confeſſed himſelf guilty, by the inſtigation of the moſt abandoned of women, ſo ſhocked and afflicted his governor, that he fell ill.

In the mean while, Mr. Grandiſon viſited ſeveral parts of Aſia and Africa, and in particular Egypt, during which he carried on a correſpondence with Doctor Bartlett. On his return to Italy, and joining his two friends, he engaged the Doctor to accompany Mr. Beauchamp into ſome of the eaſtern regions, which he himſelf had been particularly pleaſed with, and, as he ſaid, wanted to be more exactly informed of; and therefore inſiſted on its being undertaken at his own expence; for he knew that Mr. Beauchamp had a ſtep-mother, who had prevailed on his father to take off two thirds of the allowance he made him when he ſet out on his travels.

That gentleman was very unwilling to comply with the condition impoſed on him by his beloved friend; but Mr. Grandiſon was never at a loſs for arguments to keep thoſe in countenance whoſe intereſt he promoted, and to make their acceptance of his favours appear to be both a duty

and an obligation conferred on himſelf. Indeed, Mr. Grandiſon delighted in doing good. Thus, while he was at Leghorn, where he reſided ſome time for the conveniency of the Engliſh chapel, he lent an honeſt tradeſman a conſiderable ſum on his bond; but after a while, things not anſwering the poor man's expectation, that benevolent young gentleman took notice that he ſeemed dejected, and occaſionally came into his company with ſuch a ſenſe of obligation in his behavour and countenance, as filled him with compaſſion. Why, ſaid he to himſelf, ſhould I keep it in my power to diſtreſs one, whoſe modeſty and diffidence ſhews that he deſerves to be made eaſy? My life is uncertain; I may die ſuddenly; my executors may think it but juſtice to exact payment, and that may involve the poor man in as great difficulties as thoſe from which this money has delivered him. I will therefore make his heart light, and inſtead of ſuffering him to ſigh over his uncertain proſpects at his board or in his bed, I will make both eaſy to him. His wife and children ſhall rejoice with him; they ſhall ſee his countenance again ſhine upon

upon them, and occaſionally meet mine with grateful comfort. He then cancelled the bond; and at the ſame time, fearing that the poor man's diſtreſs might be deeper than he was willing to acknowledge, offered to lend him a farther ſum. But by his behaviour upon this generous offer, he found that the ſum he owed, and his doubts of being able to pay it in time, were his only grievances; for he gratefully declined the additional offer, and from that time walked erect with a chearful countenance.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

An Account of a noble Family at Bologna, *Mr.* Grandiſon's *Friendſhip for Seignior* Jeronymo, *whom he in vain endeavours to reform. They quarrel; Mr.* Grandiſon *refuſes to draw his Sword; but afterwards ſaves his Life. The Gratitude ſhewn by all* Jeronymo's *Family on this Occaſion.*

WE are now going to enter on many intereſting ſcenes ariſing from Mr. Grandiſon's connections with perſons who from henceforward will make a very conſiderable figure in this hiſtory, and with whom it is neceſſary to render the reader acquainted.

At the city of Bologna, and in the neighbourhood of Urbino, are two branches of a noble family, who are Marquiſſes and Counts of Porretta, and trace their pedigree from the Roman Princes. In Bologna is the Marcheſe della Porretta, a nobleman of diſtinguiſhed merit, whoſe lady is illuſtrious for her deſcent, her prudence, her

her goodneſs of heart, and ſweetneſs of temper. They have three ſons and a daughter. The eldeſt of the ſons is a general officer in the ſervice of the king of the Two Sicilies, and is a man of great honour and diſtinguiſhed bravery, but being proud of his deſcent, is haughty and paſſionate. The ſecond, who belongs to the church, is already a biſhop. The third, who is called Seignior Jeronymo, and ſometimes the Barone della Porretta, has a regiment in the king of Sardinia's ſervice. The ſiſter is beloved by them all; ſhe has a fine perſon, is gentle in her manners, and has lofty, but juſt notions of the honour of her ſex: ſhe is pious, beneficient, and charitable.

The ingenious and engaging Mr. Grandiſon became intimate with Seignior Jeronymo while at Rome. This youth had many fine qualities; he had ſuch a ſweetneſs of manners, and was ſo delightfully gay and lively, that every one ſought for his company; but he unhappily had a ſet of diſſolute companions, with whom he was very deſirous of bringing Mr. Grandiſon acquainted. That gentleman ſuffered himſelf ſeveral times to be brought into

into their company; but as he found they were totally abandoned in their morals, he earneſtly endeavoured to draw his friend from ſuch dangerous companions, by oppoſing their libertine principles; but infatuated by a love of pleaſure, he had not the courage to forſake them, or to reſiſt their attacks upon his morals. However, Mr. Grandiſon's friendſhip was ſo ſincere as to induce him to make uſe of all his abilities to reclaim him; but finding his repeated admonitions were to no purpoſe, he had recourſe to writing, and ſent him a friendly and affectionate letter, in which he expoſed the weakneſs of the arguments uſed by his libertine companions, and in a forcible manner repreſented the motives to virtue and honour, and the meanneſs which is the inſeparable companion of guilt. Let us conſider, ſaid he, the object of your purſuit. Are they women you have ſeduced from the path of virtue, who would, perhaps, have otherwiſe married, and made uſeful members of ſociety? What a capital crime is a ſeduction of this kind! Can you glory in the virtue of your own ſiſter, and allow yourſelf to deſtroy the virtue of the daughter or the

ſiſter

ſiſter of another? Men, in the pride of their hearts, are apt to ſuppoſe that nature has deſigned them to be ſuperior to women. The higheſt proof that can be given of ſuch ſuperiority, is the protection afforded by the ſtronger to the weaker; but what can he ſay for himſelf and his proud pretenſions, who employs all his art to ſeduce, betray, and ruin her whom he ought to guide and protect?—Sedulous to ſave her, perhaps, from every foe but the devil and himſelf.

What a bleſſing are good children to their parents! but what comfort can that parent have in children born the heirs of diſgrace, and who, owing their very being to profligate principles, have no family honour to ſupport, no fair example to imitate, but muſt be warned by their father, when he is convinced by bitter experience, to ſhun the paths he has trod? On the other hand, how delightful is the domeſtic connection! to bring to the paternal and fraternal dwellings, a ſiſter, a daughter, that ſhall be received with tender love, to ſtrengthen your own intereſt by an alliance with ſome noble and worthy family, who ſhall rejoice to truſt

to the Barone della Porretta the darling of their hopes!—This would, to a generous heart like yours, be the ſource of infinite delights. But could you now think of introducing to the friend you revere, the unhappy object of a vagrant affection? Muſt not my Jeronymo eſtrange himſelf from his home, to conceal from his father, from his mother, from his ſiſter, perſons ſhut out from their ſociety by all the laws of honour? Juſtly do you boaſt of the nobility of your deſcent, of the excellence of every branch of your family. Bear with my queſtion, my Lord, Are you determined to ſit down with the honor of your anceſtors? Your progenitors, and every one of your own family, have given you reaſon to applaud their worth: will you not give them cauſe to boaſt of yours? You have ſhewed me letters from your noble father, from your mother, from the pious prelate your brother, and ſtill, if poſſible, more admirable ones from your ſiſter, all filled with concern for your preſent and future welfare. How dearly is my Jeronymo beloved by his whole family, and how tenderly does he love them! What ought to be the reſult? Jeronymo

cannot

cannot be ungrateful. He knows ſo well what belongs to the character of a dutiful ſon and an affectionate brother, that I need not attempt to enforce their arguments.

The Barone had a high ſpirit, and could not bear to be oppoſed in any purſuit in which his paſſions were engaged: hence he was diſpleaſed at the generous freedom of this letter, and Mr. Grandiſon ſoon became leſs ſolicitous to cultivate a friendſhip with a perſon, who, where his morals were concerned, could not bear the moſt friendly admonitions. They therefore ſeparated, and during their abſence dropped all correſpondence with each other. The Barone, however, being ſome time after involved by his libertine companions in great difficulties, broke his connection with them, and afterwards accidentally meeting Mr. Grandiſon at Padua, their friendſhip was again renewed at the earneſt deſire of Jeronymo. That youth thought himſelf reformed, and Mr. Grandiſon flattered himſelf that his reformation was real; but in a little time he met with a temptation which he had not the reſolution to reſiſt. This

was from a lady more famed for her birth, her beauty and fortune, than for her prudence and virtue. Before Jeronymo became acquainted with her, ſhe had ſpread her ſnares for Mr. Grandiſon, and being exaſperated at his ſlighting the advances ſhe had made him, ſhe hoped now to find an opportunity of being revenged.

Mr. Grandiſon, being deeply concerned at the infatuation of his friend, thought himſelf under an obligation, both from honour and conſcience, to endeavour, by writing him another letter, to recal him to the paths of virtue. He, in the gentleſt and moſt friendly terms, cenſured his conduct, and ſtrove to put him on his guard, by informing him that his life was in danger from two men of violent tempers, who, unknown to each other, conſidered this lady as their own. Jeronymo was ſo weak as to let her ſee the contents of this letter; he even reſolved to vindicate her honour, and prompted by this revengeful woman, defied, and challenged his friend. Mr. Grandiſon, with a noble diſdain, refuſing to draw his ſword, appealed to Jeronymo's cool reflections; high words aroſe between them; Jeronymo

mo even called him coward; but Mr. Grandiſon, after a violent ſtruggle with himſelf, maſtered his temper, and defying the unjuſt cenſures of the world, told him that he would never meet as a foe the man he had ever deſired to conſider as his friend. If ever we meet again, I aſſure you, he added, it muſt be by accident; and then it will be time enough to diſpute the occaſion of this miſunderſtanding. Indeed, the next meeting was unſought for. Jeronymo raſhly purſuing the adventure, which had occaſioned this miſunderſtanding, one of the lady's admirers hired ſeveral Breſcian bravo's to aſſaſſinate him. They made their attempt in the Cremoneſe, where they fell upon him, in a thicket at a diſtance from the road.

Happily Mr. Grandiſon was paſſing by, attended by two ſervant, when a frighted horſe, with his bridle broke, and his ſaddle bloody, ran acroſs the way. Mr. Grandiſon, imagining that ſome miſchief had befallen the rider, drove down the opening from which the horſe came, and ſoon beheld a man ſtruggling on the ground with two ruffians, one ſtopping

his mouth, and the other ſtabbing him. Mr. Grandiſon then jumped out of the poſt-chaiſe, drew his ſword, and ran towards them as faſt as he was able, calling to his ſervants to follow him. On this the villains fled, when he heard one of them ſay, Let us make off, we have done his buſineſs. Shocked at the villainy of theſe aſſaſſins, he purſued and came up with one of them, who turning upon him, he beat down the fellow's blunderbuſs at the inſtant he preſented it at him, then wounded and threw him on the ground; but obſerving the other ruffian turning back to help his companion, and two others ſuddenly appearing with their horſes, he thought it more prudent to make his retreat, though he was very deſirous of ſecuring one of them. His ſervants, at the ſame inſtant ſeeing his danger, haſted ſhouting towards him, when the bravo's, perhaps, imagining there were more ſtill behind, ſeemed as glad to eſcape with their reſcued companion, as he was to leave them. Mr. Grandiſon then haſted to the unhappy man; but how great was his aſtoniſhment, when he found him to

be

J. Lodge delin. et sculp.

be Jeronymo, who had been purſuing his amour in diſguiſe!

As he gave ſigns of life, Mr. Grandiſon immediately ſent one of the ſervants to Cremona for a ſurgeon, and in the mean while bound up two of his wounds, one in his breaſt, and the other in his ſhoulder; but he had another in his hip, which his young deliverer found beyond his ſkill to manage: he however ſtrove to ſtop the blood with his handkerchief, and having lifted him into his chaiſe, ſtepped in with him, and held him up in it, till he was told by one of his men, that in another part of the thicket he had found the Barone della Porretta's ſervant bound and wounded, and near him his horſe lying dead. At this Mr. Grandiſon ſtepped out, and finding the poor fellow faint with his wounds, and unable to ſtand, put him into the chaiſe; then walked by its ſide, and in this manner moved ſlowly towards Cremona, in order to ſhorten the way of the expected ſurgeon, who ſoon met them.

The poſt-chaiſe was ſtopped, when the ſurgeon entering it, found that the Barone had fainted away; but he dreſſed his

wounds, and proceeded with him to Cremona: where opening his eyes, he beheld and knew Mr. Grandiſon; and being informed by the ſurgeon that he owed his life to him, O Grandiſon, ſaid he, that I had followed your advice! that I had kept my promiſe with you!——How did I inſult you!——Can my generous deliverer forgive me? If it pleaſe God to reſtore me, you ſhall be the guide of my future life.

Mr. Grandiſon ſtaid with him till he was fit to be removed from Cremona, where he was viſited by his whole family. Never was there a family more affectionate to each other; for the ſuffering of one was the ſuffering of all. The Barone was extremely beloved by his father, mother, and ſiſter, for his affectionate heart, and the engaging ſweetneſs of his manners. It is therefore eaſy to conceive how acceptable to the whole family was the important ſervice which Mr. Grandiſon was ſo happy as to render their Jeronymo. They all joined in bleſſing him, which they repeated with double ardour when they knew that he was the perſon whom their Jeronymo, during their intimacy, had warmly

warmly extolled in his letters to both his brothers and to his ſiſter, and who now told them the occaſion of their quarrel, with circumſtances as much to Mr. Grandiſon's honour as they were diſgraceful to himſelf. While his generous friend attended him by his bed's ſide, he frequently called for a repetition of thoſe arguments which he had before joined with his pretended friends in deriding. He begged him to forgive his having treated them with levity, and him with the greateſt diſreſpect; and entreated his family to conſider his generous friend, not only as the preſerver of his life, but as the reſtorer of his morals. Hence the whole family entertained the higheſt idea of Mr. Grandiſon's exalted virtue and friendſhip; and to ſtrengthen their good opinion, the noble youth ſhewed them the letters his friend had wrote, with the hopes of inforcing his temporary convictions, and drawing him from the ſhameful purſuits in which he was unhappily engaged.

The whole family were inſpired with the utmoſt gratitude. The father was uneaſy from his not knowing how to acknowledge

knowledge, according to the largeneſs of his heart, to a man of genteel circumſtances, the obligations under which he had laid them. The mother, with an amiable freedom, which the Italian ladies are unaccuſtomed to expreſs, deſired her Clementina to conſider, as her fourth brother, the preſerver of the third; and the Barone obſerved, that he ſhould never reſt till his dear Grandiſon was rewarded in the manner he deſerved.

CHAP. IV.

The Manner in which Mr. Grandiſon *lived with this noble Family at* Bologna. *The Count of* Belvedere *falls in love with* Clementina, *whom Mr.* Grandiſon *admires, yet is deſired to talk to her in that Nobleman's Favour. That Lady is ſuſpected to be in love with Mr.* Grandiſon, *who leaves* Italy. *Her ſtrange Behaviour during his Abſence, and her love for Mr.* Crandiſon.

THE Barone was no ſooner removed to Bologna than the whole family appeared ſtudious to get Mr. Grandiſon among them. The general made him promiſe, when his relations, as he termed them, at Bologna, could part with him, to favour them with his company at Naples. The biſhop, who ſpent all the time he could ſpare from his dioceſe at Bologna, in compliment to Mr. Grandiſon, his fourth brother, would have him give him leſſons on the Engliſh language. Our Milton's reputation had reached them

them, and the friendſhip that had ſubſiſted between him and a learned Italian nobleman, endeared his memory to them: he was therefore their principal author. As theſe lectures were uſually held in the wounded brother's chamber, in order to amuſe him, he likewiſe became his ſcholar. The father and mother were frequently preſent, and the lovely Clementina was ſeldom abſent: ſhe alſo termed him her tutor; and though ſhe was ſeldomer preſent at theſe pleaſing lectures than her brothers, ſhe made a much greater proficiency than any of them.

In ſuch company Mr. Grandiſon could not fail of paſſing his time very agreeably; he was particularly honoured with the confidence of the Marchioneſs, who opened her heart to him on every material occurrence that preſented itſelf. Her lord, who is diſtinguiſhed by his politeneſs, was never better pleaſed than when he found them together; and frequently, though they were not engaged in lectures, the lovely Clementina claimed a right to be preſent with her mother.

Things were in this ſituation when the young count of Belvedere, who had received

ceived his education in Spain, returned to Parma, and paying a viſit to this noble family, ſaw and loved Clementina. As the count was not only a man of ſenſe, but had a handſome perſon, and a great fortune, they all thought that his alliance was very deſirable. The Marquis highly approved of it, and the Marchioneſs had ſeveral converſations with Mr. Grandiſon on this ſubject: ſhe thought it neceſſary to know his thoughts on the occaſion, as the Barone, unknown to him, had frequently declared, that he thought there was no other way of rewarding his merit than by giving him a relation to the family. In the mean time Mr. Grandiſon, thus diſtinguiſhed by all the perſons of this noble houſe, and a daily witneſs of the innumerable excellencies of the lovely Clementina, found it impoſſible not to ſuffer his vanity to be ſometimes awakened, and to ſtifle his wiſhes of obtaining ſuch a prize; but he endeavoured to check the pleaſing idea the moment he found it play about his heart, for he would have thought any attempt to recommend himſelf to the young lady's favour, though only by his looks and aſſiduities, a breach

of

of that generous truſt and confidence which they all repoſed in him.

Mean while the rebellion breaking out in Scotland, Mr. Grandiſon being known to be warm in the intereſt of his country, was often obliged to enter into debates, which he ſincerely wiſhed to avoid. It was not doubted that the ſucceſs of the rebels would be attended with the reſtoration of the Romiſh religion; and Clementina was in particular pleaſed with the thought, that her heretick tutor would then take refuge in the boſom of the mother church: ſhe even took great delight in ſaying things of this nature in the language he taught her, and which ſhe now ſpoke very intelligibly.

Mr. Grandiſon now formed the reſolution of retiring from Italy, and viſiting ſome of the German courts. This he communicated to the Marchioneſs, who expreſſed her concern at the thoughts of his leaving them, and prevailed on him to defer his departure for ſome time; but hinted her and her lord's apprehenſions of his being in love with Clementina. He convinced her that he had behaved with the utmoſt honour in this particular, and

ſhe

ſhe ſo fully ſatisfied the Marquis, that, on their daughter's abſolutely refuſing the Count of Belvedere, they deſired him to talk to her in the favour of that nobleman. The young lady and Mr. Grandiſon had a conference on this ſubject, while the Marquis and the Marchioneſs, unknown to either of them, had placed themſelves to liſten to their diſcourſe in a cloſet adjoining to the room, and which communicated to another room, as well as to that they were in: however, they had not the leaſt reaſon to be diſpleaſed with their converſation.

The time of Mr. Grandiſon's departure now drawing near, and the young lady repeatedly refuſing the Count of Belvedere, the Barone, unknown to his friend, declared in his favour. His relations objected difficulties with reſpect to his religion and his country; on which he deſired they would permit his talking to him on thoſe ſubjects, and diſcourſing with his ſiſter on her motives for refuſing the Count of Belvedere; but this they would not allow. The Marchioneſs herſelf undertook to talk to her daughter, and to demand of her, her rea-

ſons for diſliking all the propoſals that had been made her; but on her cloſetting the lovely Clementina, nothing was to be got from her but tears; a ſilence, that had not the leaſt appearance of ſullenneſs, had, for ſome days, ſhewn that a deep melancholy had begun to take poſſeſſion of her mind; and yet ſhe appeared extremely offended at their attributing it to love: however, her mother informed Mr. Grandiſon, that ſhe could not help ſuſpecting, that unknown to herſelf, ſhe was under the dominion of that paſſion, from her never appearing chearful, but when taking leſſons for learning a language that was never likely to be of the leaſt ſervice to her. Her melancholy ſtill encreaſing, he was deſired to talk with her. He did ſo, and it was obſerved that ſhe generally aſſumed a chearful air while he was preſent, and, though ſhe ſaid little, appeared pleaſed with every thing he ſaid to her; but the moment he left her, ſhe ſtudied to find opportunities of being alone. Her parents, who were in the deepeſt affliction, conſulted phyſicians, who all declared that ſhe was in love: ſhe was

taxed

taxed with it, and the utmoſt indulgence promiſed her with reſpect to the object of her affection that ſhe could wiſh; but ſtill ſhe could not bear the imputation with patience.

On the evening before the day appointed for Mr. Grandiſon's departure, this noble family made a ſplendid entertainment in honour of a gueſt who had laid them under ſuch extraordinary obligations; for they had the more readily brought themſelves to approve of his leaving them, from their deſire to know how it would affect Clementina. That lady appeared at table, and, during the whole evening, ſupported her part of the converſation with extraordinary vivacity; and yet there appeared nothing in her looks or behaviour that ſeemed the leaſt affected. When they thanked him for the pleaſure he had given the whole family, ſhe joined her acknowledgments; and when they expreſſed their wiſhes to ſee him again before he returned to England, ſhe did the ſame. Mr. Grandiſon's heart was dilated, and he was overjoyed at ſeeing ſuch a happy alteration. When he took

leave of them, ſhe ſtood forward to receive his compliments. He offered to preſs her hand with his lips, but preſenting her cheek to him, My brother's deliverer, ſaid ſhe, muſt not affect this diſtance, adding, God preſerve my tutor wherever he goes! May you never want ſuch an agreeable friend as you have been to us! And, in Engliſh, God convert you, Chevalier!

As the Barone was not able to be with them, his friend went to take his leave of him, when, throwing his arms about him, he cried, O my Grandiſon! will you go?—Bleſſings attend you! but what will become of a brother and ſiſter, when they have loſt you? She muſt, ſhe ſhall be yours—why will you leave us? Mr. Grandiſon was ſurpriſed! for he had never before been ſo particular, and anſwered, it could not be, for there were a thouſand obſtacles;—All of which, returned the Barone, that depend on us, I don't doubt I ſhall overcome. They then ſettled a method of carrying on their correſpondence, and parted.

The

The next morning Mr. Grandiſon ſet out for Inſpruck, but on his arrival at that city, was deeply afflicted at receiving a letter by which he was informed that Clementina's chearful and lively behaviour had laſted no longer than the next day, and that her malady had returned with double force. She ſhut herſelf up in her chamber without ſeeming to know that her woman was in it, or making any anſwer to the queſtions ſhe aſked her; but ſetting her chair with its back towards her over againſt a cloſet, after a deep ſilence, leaned forwards, and in a low voice, ſeemed talking to a perſon in the cloſet, crying, You ſay he is actually gone? Gone for ever? No, not for ever! Who, Madam? ſaid the woman. To whom, pray, do you direct your diſcourſe?——We are all doubtleſs obliged to him, reſumed ſhe; ſo bravely to reſcue my brother, and to purſue the bravo's, and, as my brother ſays, to put him into his own chaiſe, and walk on foot by its ſide.—Why, as you ſay, the aſſaſſins might have murdered him, or the horſes might have trampled him under their feet. Her wo-

man than ſtepped into the cloſet, and in order to turn the courſe of her ideas, opened the door, and left it open, to try if that would divert her attention from the place; but ſhe ſtill talked calmly, as if to ſomebody in it, then burſting into a faint laugh, ſhe cried, In love! that is ſuch a ſilly whim; and yet I love every body better than myſelf. At this inſtant the Marchioneſs entering the room, Clementina roſe in haſte, and ſhutting the cloſet door, as if ſomebody had been hid there, threw herſelf at her feet, crying, My dear mamma, forgive me for all the trouble I have cauſed you—But I will, I muſt be God's child as well as your's, I will retire into a convent.

Every thing that medicine could do was now tried: but her confeſſor, though an honeſt and worthy man, had filled her mind with fears and terrors. He obſerved the favour Mr. Grandiſon was in with the whole family, and dreading leſt his influence might have ſuch an effect as to withdraw this lady from the boſom of the church, had raiſed ſuch a conflict in her heart, between her piety, which was ardent and ſincere,

and

and her gratitude and ſenſibility, as her tender frame was unable to bear.

In the city of Florence is a family of diſtinguiſhed rank and honour, the ladies of which have a friend who lives with them named Beaumont, who in the early part of life was defrauded of her fortune by an uncle. She is an Engliſh proteſtant, and is greatly eſteemed for her genius, and the goodneſs of her heart. Theſe ladies, with this their companion, were one day viſiting at the Marcheſe della Porretta's, when the diſtreſſed mother told them the mournful tale; and they thinking nothing that could be effected by human prudence impoſſible to Mrs. Beaumont, deſired, that the young lady might be entruſted to her care at their houſe in Florence. To this they immediately agreed, and they took her with them. Mrs. Beaumont ſoon engaged the unhappy Clementina's affections, and, by her very artful management, found means to prevail on her to reveal the cauſe of her melancholy, and that it aroſe from her regard of Mr. Grandiſon. Her hopes that this abſence would reſtore her tranquillity, had made

made her behave with such steadiness at his departure; but she was not long able to maintain so great a part; yet she still professed that she would never marry one who by his religion was an enemy to the faith, in which she had never wavered, and which, she observed, she would never change, were an earthly crown to be placed on the head of the man she loved, to be the reward.

Upon this, Mrs. Beaumont, wrote an affecting letter to the Marchioness, in which she gave her a particular account of this conversation; and that lady, in return, sent her an answer, filled with the warmest expressions of gratitude, inclosing it in a letter to her daughter, wherein she endeavoured to give her all the consolation possible, inviting her and her amiable friend to Bologna, and promising, in the name of her father and brothers, a most indulgent welcome, with the gratification of all her wishes. The lady Clementina became much easier and more composed, on receiving these assurances, and returned to Bologna with a more serene and settled mind than she enjoyed at her leaving that city.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

The whole Family being informed of Clementina's *Paſſion, ſent for Mr.* Grandiſon. *His Reception at his Return. They propoſe his marrying the Lady; but though he loves her with the greateſt Tenderneſs, the Conditions are ſuch as he cannot comply with, on which he again leaves* Italy.

THE whole family were deſired to aſſemble upon this occaſion, when, by common conſent, it was agreed that Mr. Grandiſon ſhould be ſent for. That gentleman was then at Vienna, and Jeronymo, in his letter, congratulated him on his having it now in his power to reward him; hinting in general, that the conditions would be ſuch as he could not fail of thinking highly to his advantage. This news greatly affected Mr. Grandiſon; for, from his knowledge of the lady and the whole family, he was afraid the articles of reſidence and religion would not be eaſily com-

pro-

promiſed; on which account he ſummoned up all his prudence to keep alive his fears, and ſuſpend every flattering hope.

He inſtantly returned to Bologna, where, on his arrival, he was received with all the marks of friendſhip and eſteem by the Marquis and the Biſhop. The Barone, who ſtill kept his chamber, embracing him, ſaid, Now is the affair I have ſo long had in view, determined. O Chevalier, you'll be a happy man; Clementina will be yours, and you will be Clementina's. Now do I indeed embrace my brother—But I won't detain you; haſte to the happy girl, who is with her mother, and both are ready to welcome you. Mr. Grandiſon was then conducted into the Marchioneſs's drawing-room, where he found that lady richly dreſſed, with the lovely Clementina alſo elegantly dreſſed, and ſtanding by her chair; while her natural modeſty, heightened by a glowing conſciouſneſs that ſeemed to ariſe from the occaſion, gave her advantages ſuperior to her richeſt jewels. The Marchioneſs behaved to him with great tenderneſs and reſpect,

reſpect, apologized for her daughter's ſilence and confuſion; and, on her retiring, congratulated him on the happineſs intended him, obſerving that ſhe would leave particular ſubjects to be diſcourſed of between the Biſhop and him, adding, that the ſame thing ſhould be done for Clementina, as if ſhe had married the man they wiſhed her to have, when they imagined her affections entirely diſengaged. Mr. Grandiſon applauded her goodneſs, and ſhe added, that ſhe did not doubt his loving Clementina more than any other lady. He returned, that he had never ſeen one he could have loved with ſuch tenderneſs, had he not put a reſtraint upon himſelf, from the high notions they entertained of their rank and quality, from the difference of religion, and from the confidence the family repoſed in him; he therefore aſſured the Marchioneſs, that not having preſumed to encourage hopes of the happineſs that now ſeemed to await him, he could hardly yet flatter himſelf that he ſhould enjoy ſuch felicity. She anſwered, that he deſerved it all: he knew the value they had for

him;

him: Clementina's regard was founded on virtue, and ſhe did not doubt but all that depended on him would, as well from generoſity as gratitude, be complied with. The Marquis, who entered ſoon after, behaved with the ſame indulgence, letting him know that his ſon the Biſhop would diſcourſe with him upon terms. A great fortune, beſides a noble eſtate bequeathed her by her two grandfathers, was propoſed, and his father was to be invited over to grace their nuptials.

The Biſhop at laſt made the dreaded propoſals, with which neither his conſcience nor his love for his country would ſuffer him to comply. He was to make a formal renunciation of his religion, and to ſettle in Italy, and only be allowed once in two or three years to go to England, if he pleaſed, for two or three months: and if their daughter ſhould deſire it, ſhe might once in her life be carried thither on a viſit of curioſity, and ſtay there the time they ſhould limit. The Biſhop, who was amazed at his ſcruples, in vain endeavoured to convince him of what he called his errors;

rors; for he could not change his religion without conviction: he even reproached him with obſtinacy, ingratitude, and cruelty. The General, who was now at Bologna, raved, threatened, and treated him with contempt, while the Marquis began to conſider him as unworthy of the honour deſigned him. In what diſtreſs was Mr. Grandiſon involved, in being thus obliged to deny himſelf the deareſt wiſh of his heart, and to diſappoint the warm expectations of thoſe who had a ſincere value for him! But when his dear Jeronymo intreated his compliance; when the tender mother entreated him to have pity on her heart, and her poor child's head; and when the gentle, the lovely Clementina, urged him for his ſoul's ſake, to embrace the doctrines of her holy mother the church: how was his mind torn by the contending paſſions which tortured his breaſt! But he was fully ſatisfied with his own faith, and had inſuperable objections to that which they deſired him to embrace; and if he complied, his conſcience and his country were to be the ſacrifice. Yet he

ſtudied for a compromiſe. Clementina was very dear to him, and he then beheld graces in her which he had hitherto ſtruggled to behold with indifference. He propoſed to live one year in Italy, and one in England, by turns, if their dear Clementina would conſent to live with him there; if not, he propoſed to paſs only three months in every year in his native country. He offered to leave her entirely at her liberty in the article of religion; and, in caſe of children by the marriage, the daughters to be educated by her, and the ſons by him; a condition, to which the Pope himſelf, it was preſumed, would not refuſe his ſanction. To this the unhappy Clementina would have conſented, and earneſtly endeavoured to procure the conſent of her friends. But no arguments could prevail on them to allow their daughter to marry a proteſtant. This determination was followed by the moſt diſtreſsful ſcenes: the mother, indeed, ſeemed in a manner neutral; and the Barone remained ſtill firm in Mr. Grandiſon's intereſt; but the Marquis, the General, the Biſhop, and the whole Urbino branch

branch of the family, were immoveable. The General treated him even with an inſolent arrogance, and imagining that Mr. Grandiſon had uſed ſome art to engage his ſiſter's affections, pretended to have a right to call him to account for it: but notwithſtanding Mr. Grandiſon's being deeply diſtreſſed, he anſwered the General's paſſionate ſpeeches with ſpirit; but let him know that nothing ſhould make him attempt the life of the brother of his friend. The rigour of their behaviour was now extended even to the unhappy Clementina, and Mr. Grandiſon in vain recommended their treating her with indulgence. He was deſired to depart from Bologna, and Clementina was not permitted to ſee him, though ſhe begged on her knees to have a parting interview. At hearing of his being gone, her grief moved every one to pity, and this ſubſided into fits, the deepeſt melancholy, and ſilence.

CHAP. VI.

Mr. Grandiſon *ſaves Mr.* Danby's *Life. The Manner in which Sir* Thomas Grandiſon *lived while his Son was on his Travels. His Death, and the Treatment Mrs.* Oldham *received from Sir* Charles's *Siſters.*

MR. Grandiſon no ſooner left Italy than he proceeded to Paris, to wait there for orders from his father to return to his native country. While he was in France, he paid a viſit to Mr. Danby, an eminent merchant of great integrity, to whom his father remitted money for his uſe. With this gentleman he had been before acquainted, and having now ſpent two days with him in the city, he accompanied him to a little lone houſe in the Cambreſis, which that gentleman uſed to term his dormitory. Mr. Grandiſon had only one ſervant with him, who lay in a little room over the ſtable, with a man ſervant of Mr. Danby's, there being conveniences in the

the houſe only for Mr. Danby, a friend, and two women ſervants. About midnight Mr. Grandiſon was alarmed by hearing a noiſe at the window of Mr. Danby's room, when inſtantly ſlipping on his cloaths, and drawing his ſword, he ran thither juſt as a villain with a large knife in his hand had ſeized Mr. Danby's throat, who till then was found aſleep. The ſkin of his neck, and one of his hands, which he had lifted up to defend himſelf, were ſlightly wounded, when Mr. Grandiſon run the ruffian into the ſhoulder with his ſword, and at the ſame moment threw him with violence from the bed againſt the door; on which he roared out, that he was a dead man. By that time a ſecond fellow, who had got to the window, was half in, when calling to a third below to haſte up after him, Mr. Grandiſon ran to the ſecond fellow, who then fired a piſtol, but happily miſſed him; and feeling the point of the ſword in his arm, threw himſelf, with a little of Mr. Grandiſon's help, upon the third ruffian, who was mounting the ladder, and knocked him off; after which both

made their eſcape. Mean while the aſſaſſin within had fainted away, and the two maids let in Mr. Grandiſon's and Mr. Danby's ſervants, who had been alarmed by the ſcreams of the women from their window, and the report of the piſtol. The two footmen having, by Mr. Grandiſon's order, bound up the ruffian's ſhoulder, and carried him into the hall, he came to himſelf, and offered to make a full confeſſion; and being carried before a magiſtrate, laid open the whole villainy.

Mr. Danby had a brother of very abandoned principles, to whom he had frequently given large ſums, which he had ſquandered away in his debaucheries. He had alſo ſettled a thouſand guineas on each of the children of his brother, who had the folly and impudence to make a demand of the ſame ſum, pleading that he had as much right to it as they; and enraged at his meeting with a refuſal, formed a deſign to get the poſſeſſion of his whole fortune: for Mr Danby being a batchelor, and known to have an averſion to the thoughts of making his will, this wretch had

had hired theſe ruffians to murder him; and that the fact might have the appearance of being done by robbers, the houſe was to have been plundered, as ſoon as the horrid fact was perpetrated. The villains were each to receive a thouſand crowns on this unnatural monſter's getting poſſeſſion of his brother's fortune; and they had fifty crowns a piece paid them in hand. Their baſe employer waited the event at Calais; and being ſoon informed of what had happened, paſſed over to Dover. The two men who had eſcaped, were diſabled by their bruiſes from flying far, and were apprehended; but the wounded man having loſt much blood, did not recover: the ſurvivors were ordered for execution; but Mr. Danby interceding for them, they were ſent to the gallies.

During the time that Mr. Grandiſon was ſacrificing the deareſt wiſhes of his heart to his religion, and his love of his country, and was expoſed to dangers that called forth all his courage, his father was indulging his love of pleaſure. He placed over his daughters, as governeſs, the widow of one of his companions,

panions, named Oldham, whoſe fortune had not held out as Sir Thomas's had done. This lady had fine qualities, was well deſcended, handſome, and an œconomiſt; but ſhe ſoon became ſo unhappily ſenſible of Sir Thomas's favours and preſents, that in a little more than a twelve-month, ſhe was obliged to come up to town, where ſhe lay in. The eldeſt of theſe young ladies, being at that time about nineteen, and the youngeſt ſixteen years old, they had ſuch ſpirit as to oppoſe this lady's return to her office; and undertook to manage every thing themſelves at their capital ſeat in Hampſhire. But Sir Thomas having another ſeat in Eſſex, carried Mrs. Oldham thither; and for ſome time every body apprehended that they were married. Sir Thomas was highly diſpleaſed at his daughters for oppoſing the return of their governeſs, And he had another miſtreſs in town, who had a taſte for all its gaieties.

The young ladies were now treated with great ſeverity by Sir Thomas, and his ſon had not been long abroad, when they were forbid to correſpond with him,

him, leſt his follies ſhould be the ſubject of their correſpondence; and he alſo ordered their brother not to write to them. This prohibition gave theſe ladies the moſt ſenſible concern, as they dreaded its laying a foundation for their being treated with indifference by their brother, on whom, as their mother had foretold, they were likely, if he ſurvived their father, to have too great a dependence. But though ir Thomas ſhewed not the leaſt tenderneſs for hisdaughters, he, in all companies, gloried in his ſon, who, he obſerved, was all that was dutiful, brave, worthy, and pious; alleging to his intimate friends, that the reaſon of his permitting his being ſo long abſent, was, that his ſon's morals and his own were ſo different, that he ſhould be aſhamed of his ſuperiority; but that he intended to alter his courſe of life, and then he would ſend for him. In the mean while Mrs. Farnborough, the woman he lived with when in town, being ſeized with the ſmall pox, died; on which, Sir Thomas was ſo much affected, that he left the town, and in purſuance of his temporary good reſolutions,

lutions, lived with his daughters, and talked of ſending for his ſon; and for ſome months behaved like a man of ſenſe and underſtanding.

About the time of Mrs. Farnborough's being taken ill, Lord L—— returning from his travels, brought Sir Thomas ſome preſents from his ſon, who took all opportunities to ſend him curioſities, ſome of which were of conſiderable value, and ſerved to ſhew both his duty and œconomy. Sir Thomas appeared fond of Lord ——; and on his retiring to Grandiſon Hall, after Mrs. Farnborough's death, gave him an invitation to viſit him there. Hence that nobleman attended him at the Hall, where he fell in love with the eldeſt of the young ladies, to whom he revealed his paſſion. She referred herſelf wholly to her father; but though this match would have been highly to her advantage, Sir Thomas abſolutely refuſed his conſent.

At length, Sir Thomas reſolved to regulate his affairs, preparative to the leave he intended to give his ſon to return home; but he knew not what to do

do with Mrs. Oldham and two children he had by her. He made no doubt of his ſon's having heard of his guilty commerce with her; but did not chuſe that he ſhould find her living with him as a miſtreſs in one of the family ſeats. He was alſo unwilling to uſe her unhandſomely, and thought himſelf obliged to provide for the children he had by her.

While he was thus contriving how to make the beſt appearance before his ſon, whoſe character for virtue and prudence made him half afraid of him, he received a propoſal of marriage for the young gentleman from one of the firſt men in the kingdom, whoſe daughter accompanying her brother and his lady in a tour to France and Italy, fell in love with Mr. Grandiſon at Florence. Sir Thomas had ſeveral meetings on this ſubject, both with the brother and the Earl his father; and was ſo fond of bringing it to bear, that he had thoughts of reſerving to himſelf an annuity, and, in favour of this match, making over the whole eſtate to his ſon; and actually ſent him this propoſal. But Mr. Grandiſon, in his anſwer, obſerved, that

if

if this aroſe from his generoſity, affection, and indulgence he had ſo often experienced, he could not bear it; but if it proceeded from propoſals made to him, God forbid, ſaid he, that I ſhould give your name to a woman, however illuſtrious in her deſcent, and however wealthy, whoſe friends could offer ſuch conditions to my father. On this anſwer, Sir Thomas reſolved to ſuſpend the treaty of marriage till his ſon's arrival.

While Sir Thomas was planning future ſchemes of life, and had actually begun to treat with Mrs Oldham, who deſiring to reform her conduct, agreed to retire at the firſt word; he was ſeized with a violent fever, which in three days deprived him of the uſe of his reaſon. He was at this time with Mrs. Oldham at his ſeat in Eſſex; and the phyſicians ſoon giving her no hopes of his recovery, ſhe wrote to acquaint the two young ladies with his danger, who, a few days after, diſpatched a letter to their brother, who was waiting at Paris, expecting to receive permiſſion from his father to return home. On the eleventh

day

day of his illneſs, Sir Thomas coming a little to himſelf, knew his daughters, and wept over them. He then wiſhed he had been kinder to them. He was ſenſible of his danger, and ſeveral times lifted up his feeble hands and dying eyes, repeating, God is juſt. I have been very wicked!——Repentance! repetance! how hard a taſk! And Mrs. Oldham entering the room, Oh Mrs. Oldham, what is the world now? What would I give?—But repent! repent! repent! Put your good reſolutions in practice, leſt I have more ſouls to anſwer for than my own. Soon after his delirium returned, and he expired.

Now the two daughters, their couſin Grandiſon, and Mrs. Oldham for her own ſecurity, put their reſpective ſeals on every place at that houſe, where any thing valuable was ſuppoſed to be depoſited; and Mr. Grandiſon aſſuming the management, turned out Mrs. Oldham, permitting her to take with her only one ſuit of cloaths beſides thoſe ſhe had on. She wept bitterly, complaining of harſh treatment, but met with no pity, and was referred by Mr. Grandiſon

diſon for more rigorous juſtice to his abſent couſon. She appealed to the ladies, but they reproached her with having lived a life of ſhame, obſerving that her puniſhment was but beginning, that their brother would do her juſtice: he was a man of virtue, and they were ſure would look upon her with abhorrence. Thus this unhappy woman already received a ſevere inſtance of the change of her fortune, and had too much reaſon to believe that they would eaſily incenſe their brother againſt her, as his fortune had been leſſened by his father's profuſion. The few relations ſhe had living were people of honour, who, ſince her living with Sir Thomas, had renounced all correſpondence with her; and ſhe had one ſon by her huſband, beſides the two by Sir Thomas, to provide for.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Sir Charles *returns to* England. *His engaging Behaviour to his Siſters, and to Mrs.* Oldham.

THE affairs of the family were in this ſituation when Sir Charles arrived. He returned no anſwer to his ſiſters letter, but inſtantly ſet out for Calais, embarked, and the ſame day in which he landed arrived at his late father's houſe in St. James's ſquare. How awful to the ſiſters, after an abſence of eight or nine years, muſt be the firſt appearance of a brother on whom their fortunes entirely depended, and to whom they had been accuſed by their father, now ſo lately departed, of want of duty! He alighted from his poſt-chaiſe at the door, and his two ſiſters met him in the hall. They remembered the graceful youth of ſeventeen who had left them, with his fine curling auburn locks waving on his ſhoulders, intelligence ſparkling in his fine eyes, and

his lively features ſweetened by good-humour; and, forgetting the womanly beauties into which their own features were ripened, ſeemed not to expect that manly ſtature and air, and that equal vivacity and intrepidity, with a noble countenance, that then appeared more than uſually ſolemn, from his having in his thoughts an unburied and beloved father. O my brother! ſaid Caroline, meeting him with open arms, but ſhrinking from his embrace, may I ſay my brother? and was juſt fainting. He claſped her, and ſupported her in his arms. Charlotte, the youngeſt, affected at his preſence, and ſurpriſed at her ſiſter's emotion, ran back into the room they had left, and threw herſelf upon a ſettee. Her brother followed her, ſoothing Miſs Caroline, with his arm round her waiſt, and with eyes of expectation, cried, My Charlotte! holding out his inviting hand, and haſting towards the ſettee. She then found her feet, and throwing her arms about his neck, he folded both of his ſiſters to his boſom, crying, Receive, my deareſt ſiſters, receive your brother, your friend. Aſ-

ſure

ſure yourſelves of my unabated love. That aſſurance, they cried, was balm to their hearts; and when each was ſeated, he ſitting over againſt them, looked firſt on one, then on the other; and taking each by the hand, Charming women! ſaid he, how I admire my ſiſters! I don't doubt that you have minds anſwerable to your perſons. What pleaſure, what pride ſhall I take in my ſiſters! My dear Charlotte! ſaid Miſs Caroline, taking her ſiſter's other hand, has not our brother all the brother in his face? His goodneſs only looks ſtronger and more perfect. What was I afraid of? My heart alſo ſunk, I knew not why, ſaid Charlotte: but we feared——indeed, Sir, we both feared——O my brother! tears trickling down the cheeks of each——we did not mean to be undutiful——Love your brother, my dear ſiſters, he returned, as he will endeavour to deſerve your love. My mother's daughters could not be undutiful——miſtake only!—unhappy miſapprehenſion! He then preſſed the hands of each with his lips, aroſe, went to the window, and wiped his eyes:

—then turning towards them, added, Permit me, my dear ſiſters, to retire for a moment; my father demands this tribute. They waited on him to his apartment with ſilent reſpect. No ceremony I hope, my Caroline, my Charlotte, he reſumed; we were true ſiſters and brother a few years ago: ſee your Charles as you ſaw him then; and don't let abſence, which has encreaſed my love, leſſen yours. Each ſiſter then took a hand, and would have kiſſed it; but he claſped his arms about them both, and ſaluted them. He caſt his eyes on his father's and mother's pictures with ſome emotion, then on them, and again ſaluting each of them, they withdrew with tears of joy trickling down their cheeks.

Sir Charles in half an hour rejoined them in another dreſs, and again ſaluted them with an air of tenderneſs that beniſhed fear, and left room for nothing but love. Soon after their couſin Grandiſon came in; and after the firſt compliments, the ladies retiring, that gentleman touched upon the circumſtances of Sir Thomas's illneſs and death;

death; inveighing againſt Mrs. Oldham, telling Sir Charles what they had done, and exclaiming againſt her for the ſtate ſhe had lived in, and her unwillingneſs to reſign the care of Sir Thomas, in his illneſs, to his daughters; and particularly for having the aſſurance to put her ſeal with theirs to the cabinets and cloſets that were ſuppoſed to contain what was valuable. He then aſked Sir Charles, if he was not pleaſed with what they had done as to that vile woman? But he only obſerved, that he believed every thing was deſigned for the beſt. Mr. Grandiſon then ridiculed her grief and mortification at being obliged to leave the houſe, where ſhe had ſo long reigned Lady Paramount. Sir Charles aſked if they had found a will? and was anſwered, that they looked in every probable place, but found none. I intend, ſaid Sir Charles, to inter the venerable remains with thoſe of my mother, which I know was his deſire. An elegant, but not ſumptuous monument, ſhall be erected to the memory of both, with a modeſt inſcription, that ſhall be rather a matter of inſtruction to the living, than

a pane-

a panegyrick on the deceaſed. The funeral ſhall be decent, but not oſtentatious; and the difference of the expence ſhall be privately applied to aſſiſt diſtreſſed houſekeepers, or ſome of my father's poor tenants who have large families, and have endeavoured by their induſtry to maintain them. And this was ſoon after carried into execution.

The ſolemnity was no ſooner over, than Sir Charles, leaving every thing as he found it at Grandiſon-Hall, came to town, and, in the preſence of his ſiſters, broke the ſeals they had affixed to the cabinets and eſcrutores in the houſe there; and have made memorandums of the contents of many papars, went with his ſiſters to the houſe in Eſſex, and when there, told them it was neceſſary for Mrs. Oldham, who had lodgings at a farm-houſe in the neighbourhood, to be preſent at breaking the ſeals, as ſhe had affixed hers; and accordingly ſent for her. She came with fear and trembling, when Sir Charles, not expecting her ſo ſoon, was in his ſtable, with the groom and coachman, looking at his horſes, which were ſome

of

of the fineſt hunters and racers in England. She was ſhewn, by miſtake, into the room where the two ladies were, and at ſeeing them was in great confuſion, wept, curteſied, and, on Miſs Caroline's blaming her maid for bringing her to them, begged pardon, and was withdrawing, but ſtopped on that lady's ſaying, My brother, not we, ſent for you, I aſſure you, Madam. He ſays it is neceſſary, as you thought fit to put your ſeal with ours, that you ſhould be preſent at the breaking them. Prepare yourſelf to ſee him: you ſeem mighty unfit——No wonder! Indeed I am unfit, very unfit, ſaid the poor woman: let me, ladies, beſpeak your generoſity; a little of your pity; a little of your countenance; I am indeed an unhappy woman! And ſo you deſerve to be, ſaid Miſs Caroline. I am ſure we are the ſufferers. And ſo you have put yourſelf into mourning, Madam! Pretty deep too; Indeed, ladies, ſaid Mrs. Oldham, I am a real mourner. Here, ladies, are the keys of the ſtores, of the confectionary, and of the wine vault. I thought it beſt to keep them till

till I could deliver them to your or Sir Charles's order. I have not, ladies, been a bad manager, conſidered as a houſe-keeper; all I have in the world is under the ſeals. I am at yours and your brother's mercy. You'll ſoon know, Madam, ſaid Miſs Charlotte, what you have to truſt to from him.

Sir Charles entered, and ſaw her ſtanding pale and trembling near the door. He bowed to her. Mrs. Oldham, I preſume, ſaid he—Pray, Madam, be ſeated; I ſent to you that you might ſee the ſeals broken—Pray, Madam, ſit down, added he, taking her hand, and leading her to a chair not far diſtant from his ſiſters; and then ſitting in one between them and her, Pray, Madam, compoſe yourſelf, added he, with pity in his eyes; and then turned to his ſiſters, to allow her time to recover herſelf. She was relieved by a flood of tears, and tried to to ſuppreſs her audible ſobs, which he would not ſeem to hear. Her emotions then attracting the eyes of his ſiſters, he took them off by aſking them ſomething about a picture that hung on the other ſide of the room. Then drawing

ing his chair nearer to the unhappy woman, and again taking her trembling hand, ſaid, I am not a ſtranger, Mrs. Oldham, to your melancholy ſtory. Don't be diſcompoſed. See in me a friend ready to thank you for all your paſt good offices, and to forget all miſtaken ones. This was more than ſhe could bear; ſhe threw herſelf at his feet, when raiſing her to her chair, he added, Poor Mrs. Oldham was unhappily careleſs, yet I have been told he loved you, and that you merited his love. Your misfortunes threw you into the knowledge of our family. You have been a faithful manager of the affairs of this houſe. By written evidences I can juſtify you; evidences that I am ſure none here will diſpute. Mr. Grandiſon, who is a good-natured man, but a little haſty, has told me, that he treated you with unkindneſs. He thought you wrong for inſiſting to put your ſeal; but he was miſtaken, you did right. O brother! O brother! ſaid both the ladies at once, half in admiration, though half vexed. Bear with me, my ſiſters, ſaid he; we have all ſomething to be forgiven for.

They

They knew not but they might be concerned in the admonition from what their father had written of them. He then mentioned chocolate being brought in, and being deſirous of relieving Mrs. Oldham by ſome little employment, deſired her to be ſo obliging as to ſee it made.

She had no ſooner left the room, than, addreſſing himſelf to the ladies, My dear ſiſters, ſaid he, let me, on this occaſion, deſire you to think favourably of me. I don't conſider this poor woman on the foot of her own merits with reſpect to us: the memory of our father is concerned: ſhe is intitled to juſtice, for its own ſake; to generoſity, for ours; to kindneſs, for my father's. In ſeveral of his letters to me, he praiſes Mrs. Oldham's œconomy, and he had a right to do what he would with his own fortune. It was not ours till now. Whatever he has left us he might have leſſened. The œconomy is all that concerns us in the point of intereſt, and that is in her favour. He might have given Mrs. Oldham a title to a name that would have commanded our reſpect,

ſpect, if not our reverence. You have enlarged minds; and are the daughters of the moſt charitable, the moſt forgiving of women; and I was willing to judge of her behaviour, before I recommended her to your humanity. Is ſhe not humbled enough? From my ſoul, I pity her. She loved my father, I don't doubt mourns for him in ſecret, yet does not dare to plead her love. I would now conſider her only as one who has executed a principal office in this houſe; and it will become us to behave to her in ſuch a manner as to make the world think we conſider her only in that light.

When they had drank chocolate, he told Mrs. Oldham, he was ready to attend her, and deſired his ſiſters to give them their company. On their coming to the chamber in which Sir Thomas died. Mrs. Oldham turned pale, and begged to wait in the adjoining drawing-room. Poor woman, cried he, how unhappily is ſhe circumſtanced! She dares not, before us, ſhew the tenderneſs which is the glory of her ſex, and of human nature! On opening one of the cabinets in that chamber, they found a beauti-

ful little caſket with a paper wafered upon it, on which was written, *My wife's jewels.* Sir Charles aſked his ſiſters, if they had not received their mother's jewels, and they anſwering, that their father had ſaid they ſhould be theirs on their marriage, he immediately preſented them this caſket, which they retired to open, while their brother was taking minutes of papers. Beſides the jewels, they found in it three purſes, in two of which were a conſiderable number of old broad pieces, with ſome bank-notes and India-bonds. The third parcel was thus labelled, *For my beloved ſon: in acknowledgement of his duty to his father and me, from infancy to this hour; of his love to his ſiſters; of the generoſity of his temper; of his love of truth, and of his modeſty, courage, benevolence, ſteadineſs of mind, docility, and other great and amiable qualities, by which he gives a moral aſſurance of his making a good man. God grant it! Amen.*

This purſe the ladies immediately carried to their brother, when having read the label, Excellent woman, ſaid he, being dead ſhe yet ſpeaks; may her

pious

pious prayer be anſwered! Then opening the purſe, he found five coronation medals of different princes, a gold ſnuff-box, in which were three diamond rings, and a miniature picture of his mother, an admirable likeneſs, ſet in gold. Neglecting the reſt, he took it out, gazed at it in ſilence, kiſſed it, and put it next his heart. The ladies then told him what was in the other purſes, and offered him the bonds, notes, and money; when aſking if there were no directions upon either, they anſwered, No. He then obſerving there might be a difference in their value, emptied them upon the table, and mixing the contents of both together, added, Thus mingled, you, my ſiſters, will equally divide them between you. This picture, placing his hand on his boſom, where it ſtill was, is of infinitely more value than what all the three purſes contain beſides.

Sir Charles and his ſiſters having examined every other place in this apartment, he followed Mrs. Oldham to her's; where, ſhewing him the cloſet in which was contained all ſhe was worth, ſhe complained of Mr. Grandiſon's refuſing

to let her take out of it 50l. He told her ſhe might aſſure herſelf of juſtice, and breaking the ſeal, deſired her to produce what ſhe thought proper for him to take account of. He was obliged to check the curioſity of his ſiſters, who would fain have examined her drawers. She ſhewed him the cabinet in which was contained all the money, notes, and ſecurities ſhe had honeſtly ſaved. Miſs Caroline aſked to what amount? No matter, ſiſter, ſaid Sir Charles. You hear Mrs. Oldham ſays, they are honeſtly ſaved. I dare ſay my father's bounty enabled his meaneſt ſervants to ſave money. I would not keep one that I thought did not. I make no compariſon. Mrs. Oldham, you are a gentlewoman. I believe, ſaid Mrs. Oldham, looking afraid of the cenſures of the ladies, there is near 1200l. They appeared ſurpriſed at the largeneſs of the ſum, and obſerved, that they ſhould often have been glad of having as many ſhillings between them. Sir Charles aſked what occaſion had they for more than current money? but added, that now they had a claim to independency, he hoped either

either of their ſtores would exceed that ſum. Mrs. Oldham, then trembling, ſaid, In this private drawer are ſome preſents—I diſclaim them: if you'll believe me, ladies, I never wiſhed for them, offering to pull out the drawer. Forbear, Mrs. Oldham, ſaid Sir Charles, both the preſents and money are yours: never will I either diſparage or diminiſh my father's bounty. He had a right to do as he pleaſed. Had he made a will, would they not have been yours?—If you, my ſiſters, if you, Mrs. Oldham, can tell me any thing he but intended to do for any of his people, I will execute that intention with the ſame exactneſs as if he had inſerted it in a will. Shall we do nothing but legal juſtice?—The law was not made for a man of conſcience.

When Sir Charles had examined and taken minutes of every thing in this houſe, he delivered to Mrs. Oldham the key of her apartment, ordering the houſe-keeper to aſſiſt her in the removal of her effects when ſhe pleaſed, and to allow her to come and go at all times with the ſame freedom and civility as if

ſhe had never left the houſe. Then, addreſſing himſelf to his ſiſters, he ſaid, You may conſider the juſtice I am willing to do to perſons who can claim only juſtice from me, as an earneſt that I will do more than juſtice for you. You ſhould have been the firſt to have found the fruits of my love, had I not feared that prudence would have narrowed my intentions. I am ſorry, my dear ſiſters, for the ſake of your ſpirits, that you are left in my power. The beſt of women always feared that it would be ſo; but as ſoon as I can, you ſhall be abſolutely independent on your brother. Both Caroline and Charlotte expreſſed their gratitude by their tears, telling him that their being in the power of ſuch a brother was their higheſt felicity.

Some time after, Sir Charles, at parting with Mrs. Oldham, told her he ſhould be glad to know how ſhe diſpoſed of herſelf, every unhappy perſon having a right to the good offices of thoſe who are leſs embarraſſed; and that when ſhe was ſettled, ſhe would let him know the ſtate of her affairs, and what ſhe propoſed to do with thoſe intitled to her care,

care, and ſhe ſhould find that her confidence was not ill-placed. Mrs. Oldham, the firſt opportunity, preſented him a written eſtimate of all ſhe was worth, and an account of the manner in which ſhe propoſed to live; on which he had the generoſity to ſettle an annuity upon her for the ſake of her ſons by his father.

As Sir Charles found that his father had left his affairs embarraſſed, he diſpoſed of his hunters, racers, and dogs, took a ſurvey of the timber upon his eſtate, and felled what would have been worſe for ſtanding; but for the ſake of poſterity, planted an oakling for every oak he cut down. The ſale of the timber he felled in Hampſhire, lying convenient for water carriage for the uſe of the government, furniſhed him with a conſiderable ſum. He then went to examine his eſtate in Ireland, paid off a mortgage upon it, and ordered great improvements.

Two or three months after Sir Charles's arrival in England, Lord L. came to town from Scotland, and paid him his firſt viſit; when his Lordſhip mentioning his love for Miſs Caroline,

and

and ſhe acknowledging her regard for him, he introduced him to her, and joining their hands, held them between both his, ſaying, With pleaſure do I join hands, where ſuch worthy hearts are united. From this time, my Lord, do me the honour to look upon me as your brother. My father was a little embarraſſed in his affairs, and was perhaps loth they ſhould early claim another protection; but if he had lived to make himſelf eaſy, he would doubtleſs have made them happy. He has left that duty upon me, and I will perform it. Miſs Caroline's joy rendered her unable to ſpeak, and my Lord was extremely affected. Miſs Charlotte was moved with this ſcene, and lifting up her hands and eyes, prayed, that God would make his power as large as his heart. And has not my Charlotte, ſaid he, turning towards her, ſome happy man whom ſhe can diſtinguiſh by her love? You, my ſiſters, are equally dear to me. Come, Charlotte, make me your confidant, and your inclinations ſhall direct my choice.

Before the marriage Sir Charles gave his

his ſiſter a paper ſealed up. Receive this, my Caroline, ſaid he, as from your father's bounty, in compliance with what your mother, had ſhe lived, would have wiſhed. When you oblige Lord L—— with one hand, make him this preſent with the other; and thus intitle yourſelf to all the gratitude with which his worthy heart will overflow. I have only done my duty in performing an article of the will I have made in my own mind for my father. He then ſaluted her, and withdrew before ſhe broke the ſeal; and when ſhe did, ſhe found it contained bank notes for 10,000l. She threw herſelf into a chair, and for ſome time was unable to riſe; but recovering herſelf, ſhe hurried out to find her brother, and was told he was in his ſiſter's apartment. She ran thither, and found Charlotte was in tears, Sir Charles having juſt left her. What ails my Charlotte? ſaid ſhe. O Caroline, cried the other, this brother! there is no bearing his generous goodneſs. See that deed! She took it up, and finding it was for the ſame ſum he had given her, and to carry intereſt, they con-

congratulated and wept over each other, as if diſtreſſed. Caroline found out her brother, but when ſhe approached him, could only expreſs her gratitude by lifting up her hands and eyes. He had no ſooner raiſed and ſeated her, than the equally grateful Charlotte entered, when placing her next her ſiſter, and drawing a chair for himſelf, he took the hand of each, and then ſaid, My dear ſiſters, you are too ſenſible of theſe inſtances of my brotherly love. It has pleaſed God to deprive us of our father and mother, and we muſt ſupply their loſs to each other. Conſider me as an executor of a will that ought to have been made, and perhaps would, had there been time. My circumſtances are greater than I expected; greater, I dare ſay, than my father thought they would be; and I could not do leſs than I have done. You don't know how much you'll oblige me if you never ſay another word upon this ſubject. Soon after this, Caroline was married to Lord L——, who carried her down with him to Scotland, where ſhe was greatly admired and eſteemed by all his relations.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

The Hiſtory of Miſs Byron, *who is reſcued by Sir* Charles *from the Attempts of Sir* Hargrave Pollexfen, *who afterwards ſent him a Challenge, which he refuſes to comply with, yet behaves with great Dignity.*

WE ſhall now leave Sir Charles to bring the reader acquainted with an accompliſhed young lady, who will engage his attention in the following part of this work. Miſs Harriet Byron had united in her face the moſt enchanting beauty, grace, and expreſſion; ſhe had a heart equally pure and open, and a noble mind legible in her lovely and expreſſive countenance. This lady lived at Selbyhouſe, in Northamptonſhire, and was the delight, the pride of her relations, and the admiration of all who either ſaw or converſed with her. She was brought to London by her aunt Reeves, who had paid a viſit to her relations; and here, as well in the country, had

had ſeveral admirers, among whom was Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, a gay, proud, and conceited fop, with a handſome perſon, and an eſtate of 8000l. a year. The Baronet had been accidentally in her company when ſhe enlivened the converſation with the moſt agreeable ſallies of wit; and afterwards, waiting upon her at Mrs. Reeves's, made an open declaration of his paſſion in the preſence of her uncle and aunt; on which Miſs Harriet frankly told him, ſhe thanked him for his good opinion, but could not encourage his addreſſes. He appeared amazed at this declaration, and repeating, *cannot encourage my addreſſes!* ſaid, he had been aſſured her affections were not engaged, but that ſurely it muſt be a miſtake. She deſired to know if it was a neceſſary conſequence, that the woman muſt be engaged, who could not receive the addreſſes of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen? Why, madam, as to that, ſaid he, I don't know what to ſay;—— but to a man of my fortune, and I hope not abſolutely diſagreeable, either in perſon or temper, of ſome rank in life,—— what, madam, if you are as much in earneſt

earneſt as you pretend, can be your objections? We can't, ſaid ſhe, all like the ſame perſon. Women are ſaid to be very capricious, and, perhaps, I am ſo; but there is a ſomething, we can't always ſay what, that attracts or diſguſts us. *Diſguſts!* madam,——*Diſguſts!* Miſs Byron, cried he, I hope in general ——Sir, ſhe returned, I dare ſay nineteen women out of twenty would think themſelves favoured by the addreſſes of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. You, Sir, may have more merit, perhaps, than the man I may happen to like better; but pardon me, Sir, you don't hit my fancy. If pardon depends upon my breath, cried he, let me die if I do!——*Not hit your fancy*, madam, looking upon himſelf all round, *not hit your fancy*, madam! In ſhort, the Baronet, provoked at the thought of her rejecting ſo accompliſhed a perſon as himſelf, behaved with great inſolence, charging her with pride, ingratitude, and cruelty; when Miſs Byron, being unwilling to ſtay to be inſulted, begged his excuſe, and haſtily withdrew.

Sir Hargrave ſoon after paid her another viſit, and having apologized for his former behaviour, made vehement profeſſions of love, offered to make her large ſettlements, and told her, that ſhe ſhould preſcribe to him in every thing. To which ſhe anſwered as before; but on his inſiſting upon knowing her reaſons for refuſing him, ſhe frankly told him, it was with ſome reluctance that ſhe owned her not having that opinion of his morals, that ſhe muſt have of thoſe of the man on whom ſhe muſt build her hopes of preſent happineſs, and on whoſe guidance entruſt her future. Sir Hargrave ſtormed, repeating, *My morals*, madam! *You have no opinion of my morals*, madam! and then ſhewing ſeveral menancing airs, abruptly departed.

As this young lady had never before been in London, Lady Betty Williams, a near relation to Mr. Reeves, inſiſted on Miſs Byron's accompanying her to a ball at the Opera-houſe, in the Hay-market, and providing her with a dreſs; and as ſhe would take no denial, ſhe with reluctance complied. Mr Reeves was a Hermit, Mrs. Reeves a Nun, Lady Betty

Betty an Abbeſs, and Miſs Byron an Arcadian Princeſs. She wore a white Paris net cap glittering with ſpangles, and enriched by a chaplet of artificial flowers, with a ſmall white feather on the left ſide, and her hair hung down in natural ringlets, ſhading her neck. She had a kind of waiſtcoat of blue ſattin, trimm'd with ſilver point d'Eſpagne, the ſkirts edged with ſilver fringe: this waiſtcoat was faſtened cloſe to her waiſt by ſilver claſps, with a ſmall taſſel at each; and all was ſet off with bugles and ſpangles. A ſcarf of white Perſian ſilk was faſtened to her ſhoulders, and flew looſe behind. Her petticoat was of blue ſattin, trimmed and fringed like the waiſtcoat. She had bracelets on herarms, and a Venetian maſk. Miſs Byron took no pleaſure in the place, or the ſhoals of fools that ſwarmed around her. The glitter of her dreſs, which attracted the eyes of the company, filled her with confuſion, while their inſipid and abſurd behaviour made her frequently deſpiſe both herſelf and them.

They ſtaid till about two in the morning, when Mr. Reeves conducted

her to her chair, and ſaw her in it, before he attended Lady Betty and his wife unto theirs; but obſerved, that neither the chair nor the chairmen were thoſe that brought her; on which he aſked the reaſon of it, and was told by her ſervant, who had been hired only a few days before, that the chairmen had been inveigled away to drink, and that after having waited two hours for them, he had hired a chair to ſupply their place.

The chair moved off with her ſervant, carrying his lighted flambeau before it. The chairmen had not gone a great way, when ſhe calling out, they ſtopped, and her ſervant aſked her commands. Where am I, William? ſaid ſhe. Juſt at home madam, he anſwered, and on her obſerving, that they muſt have come a roundabout way, told her, they had done ſo on purpoſe to avoid the croud of coaches and chairs. They then proceeded forwards; but ſoon after, in drawing the curtains, ſhe found herſelf in the open fields, and preſently after the lights put out; on which ſhe pierced the air with her cries, till her ſtrength was exhauſted.

hauſted. She was at laſt taken out in fits, and, on recovering her ſenſes, found herſelf on a bed with three women about her; one at her head holding a bottle to her noſe, which was ſore with hartſhorn, and the room was filled with the ſtrong ſmell of burnt feathers. Where am I? who are you, madam? ſhe cried. No harm is intended you, ſaid the eldeſt of them; for you are to be made one of the happieſt women upon earth. We would not be concerned in a bad action. I hope not, I hope not, ſhe returned. You ſeem to be a mother, theſe young gentlewomen, I preſume, are your daughters. Save me from ruin, I beſeech you, madam——Save me from ruin, as you would theſe your daughters. This muſt be the vile contrivance of Sir Hargrave Pollixſen. Is it not? is it not? Tell me, I beg you to tell me.

Miſs Byron then riſing, ſat on the ſide of the bed; when Sir Hargrave inſtantly entered. She ſcreamed out, and he threw himſelf at her feet; but finding that the women could hardly keep her out of a fit, retired. On her reviving, ſhe begged and offered rewards to induce them to

facilitate her eſcape; but ſhe had ſcarce begun to ſpeak before Sir Hargrave returned, and haughtily bade her not needleſsly terrify herſelf, ordering the women to withdraw. As they went out, ſhe ruſhed forward, and followed the foremoſt of the daughters into the parlour, and then ſinking on her knees, claſped her arms about her, crying, O ſave me! ſave me! Sir Hargrave following them, Miſs Byron kneeled to him, crying, If you have any compaſſion, let me now, I beſeech you, Sir, experience your mercy. The women again walked out, and he anſwered, I have entreated you, madam, and on my knees too, to ſhew me mercy; but you would ſhew me none. Kneel if you will, the tables are now turned. Barbarous man! ſaid ſhe, riſing from her knees; but her ſpirits immediately ſubſiding, ſhe added, Don't be cruel, Sir Hargrave, I beſeech you; I never was cruel to any body: you know I was civil to you. Yes, You called me no names, and I call you none. Sweet creature, added he, your very terror is beautiful! I can enjoy your terror, madam! Then offering to kiſs her, ſhe turned

turned aſide her head, on which he added, *I don't hit your fancy*, madam! *You don't like my morals*, madam! Are theſe, Sir Hargrave, ſaid ſhe, the means you take to convince me that I ought to like them! Well, madam, he returned, you ſhall meet with the mercy in me you would not ſhew. Be mine, madam, I offer you my honeſt hand; conſent to be Lady Pollexfen——no puniſhment, I hope! or take the conſequence. Take my life, Sir, ſaid ſhe, but my hand and my heart are my own; they never ſhall be ſeparated. You can't fly me, madam, returned he; you are ſecurely mine, and mine ſhall be ſtill more ſecurely. Don't provoke me, don't make me deſperate. Then throwing his arms about her, ſhe was terrified, and cried out; when inſtantly entered one of the daughters, crying, Good Sir! did not you ſay you would be honourable? The mother following her in, ſaying, Sir! Sir! in my houſe——What a plague, cried he, do you come in for? I thought you knew your own ſex better than to mind a woman's ſqualling. Dear, bleſſed, bleſſed woman! cried the lady, frantic with mingled

mingled terror and joy, to find herſelf in better hands than ſhe expected; protect me! ſave me! Indeed I have not deſerved this treacherous treatment. Nay, dear lady, ſaid the women, if Sir Hargrave will make you his true and lawful wife, there can be no harm done ſurely. Then turning to him, ſhe told him the gentleman was waiting.

At this inſtant entered a horrid looking clergyman; he was a tall big-boned ſplay-footed man, in a ſhabby gown, a wig equally ſhabby, with a huge red pimpled face, and a great red noſe. He held a dog's eared common-prayer book in his hand, opened at the page of matrimony. But paying little attention to his horrid viſage, ſhe puſhed by Sir Hargrave, turning him half round, and making the woman of the houſe totter; then throwing herſelf at the clergyman's feet, Good, dear, reverend Sir, cried ſhe, ſave a poor creature, baſely tricked away from her friends.—Save me from violence! don't give your aid to ſanctify a baſe action! The man ſnuffled his anſwer, and opening his pouched mouth, the tobacco hung about his great yellow teeth;

teeth; when taking her claſped hands, Riſe, madam! ſaid he. Don't kneel to me. No harm is intended you. Who is that gentleman in the ſilver-laced cloaths? He is Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, Sir, ſaid ſhe; a wicked, a very wicked man. O madam, returned he, a very honourable man! bowing to Sir Hargrave. Then aſking her name, and ſhe telling it to him, Sir Hargrave ſeized her hand, and the ſnuffling prieſt began, *Dearly beloved*——The lady was perfectly frantic, and crying, Read no more! read no more! daſhed the book out of his hand, adding, I beg your pardon, Sir; but you muſt read no further. I am baſely betrayed. I can't, I won't be his. Proceed, proceed, Sir, ſaid Hargrave, taking her hand by force; virago as ſhe is, I will own her my wife. Again ſnuffled the miniſter, *Dearly beloved.* She ſtamped, crying, No dearly beloved's! while Sir Hargrave held her ſtruggling hand, and the miniſter proceeded, *We are gathered together in the ſight of God.* I adjure you, Sir Hargrave, in the ſame tremendous name, to ſtop all further proceedings. Take my life, but my hand

ſhall

ſhall never be joined with yours. Proceed Doctor, pray Doctor, proceed, ſaid the vile Sir Hargrave. When the day dawns ſhe'll be glad to own her marriage. Proceed at your peril, Sir, ſaid ſhe. If you are really a miniſter of God, don't proceed. Don't make me deſperate. Then turning to the window, ſhe added, Madam, you are a mother, and have given me room to hope you are a good woman; look upon me as if I was one of thoſe your daughters.—— Could you ſee one of them treated thus? Dear young women, turning to each, can you unconcernedly look on, and ſee a poor creature tricked, betrayed, and thus violently, baſely treated, and not make my caſe your own? Speak for me! plead for me! If you are women, plead for me!——You have a ſoul to anſwer for. I can die; but never, never will be his! The young women wept, and the mother being moved, deſired they might talk to the lady by themſelves. This was granted, when retiring into another room, they pleaded Sir Hargrave's great eſtate, his handſome perſon, his honorable love, and their being

ing unable to ſave her from worſe treatment. On the other hand, Miſs Byron pleaded her invincible averſion, and contempt of riches, crying, How, not able! Is not this, ladies, your own houſe? Cannot you raiſe your neighbours? Before the week is out, I will order a thouſand pounds to be paid into your hands. I pledge my honour for the payment—— A thouſand pounds, dear ladies, only to ſave me, and ſee me ſafe to my friends?

At this moment Sir Hargrave entered, and, with a malicious look, deſired the young women to go to bed, and leave the perverſe beauty to him. He called her cruel and ungrateful, ſwearing, that if ſhe would not permit him to exalt her into Lady Pollexfen, he would humble her. She would be greatly hurt indeed, cried he, to be the wife of a man of my fortune and conſequence! But I'll bring down her pride. What the devil am I to creep, beg, and entreat only for a wife!——But, madam, added he, with a ſneer, perhaps you'll be mine upon certain terms.

The mother and youngeſt daughter were then led by Sir Hargrave to the door,

door, the eldeſt following them, while Miſs Byron entreated them not to go; and when they did, made an attempt to follow them; but Sir Hargrave, in ſhutting them out, gave her a dreadful cruſh with the door, ſhe being half in and half out; her noſe guſhed out with blood; her ſtomach was much preſſed, and one of her arms bruiſed: ſhe ſcreamed, and he appeared frighted; but ſhe inſtantly recovering herſelf, cried out, ſhe hoped he had killed her; and throwing herſelf into a chair, repeated, So, ſo you have killed me.——Well, I hope you are now ſatisfied. I forgive you; only leave me to my own ſex. She was in violent pain, her head ſwam, her eyes failed her, and ſhe fainted away. Sir Hargrave, filled with conſternation, ran about the room, calling upon God to have mercy upon him, and having let in the women, they lamented over her, and ſaid ſhe had death in her face. The Baronet, in the midſt of his horror, ſeized her bloody kandkerchief, and ſaying it ſhould not appear againſt him, ſtepping into the next room, and thruſt it into the fire, by which was ſit-

ting

ting the miniſter and his helper, over ſome burnt brandy. O gentlemen, ſaid he, nothing can be done to-night. Take this, giving them money; the lady is in a fit; I wiſh you well home. They, however, propoſed to ſit in the chimney-corner till peep of day; but the women fearing ſhe would not recover, one of them ran in, and declared ſhe was dead, on which, calling for a dram, they ſnatched up their hats and ſticks and hurried away.

On Miſs Byron's coming to herſelf, ſhe found nobody with her but the three women. She was in a cold ſweat, and as there was no fire in the room, they conducted her into the parlour which the two men had left, and ſhe being hardly able to ſtand, placed her in an elbow chair, and chafed her temples with Hungary water. Soon after the mother and eldeſt daughter left her, and went to Sir Hargrave, and the youngeſt being at length called out, the Baronet entered, took a chair and ſat down by Miſs Byron, who ſtill felt a violent pain in her ſtomach and arm. At laſt the lady breaking ſilence, ſaid, Have you

done well, Sir Hargrave, to commit ſuch violence on one who never did nor thought to injure you? In what diſtraction have you involved my couſin Reeves! She ſtopped, and he continued ſilent, ſhe reſumed, Theſe ſeem to be honeſt people, and I hope you only deſign to terrify me. Your bringing me into no worſe company, aſſures me that you meant better——Devils all! interrupted he. She again ſtopped, but ſoon added, I forgive you, Sir, the pain you have given me.——But as ſoon as day breaks, I'll get the women to let my couſin Reeves——Up he ſtarted, crying, Miſs Byron, you are a woman, a true woman, holding up his clenched hand. Then after a ſhort pauſe, you are the moſt conſummate hypocrite that I ever knew in my life. She was ſilent, and trembled. Damn'd fool! Aſs! Blockhead! Woman's fool! I could curſe myſelf for ſending away the parſon! But your hypocriſy, madam, ſhall be of no ſervice to you. What I failed in here, ſhall be done elſewhere. She wept, but could not ſpeak. Can't you go into fits again? cried he, with a ſneering air. God deliver

liver me, prayed ſhe to herſelf, from this madman's hands. She then ſtood up, and the candle ſtanding near the glaſs, ſaw herſelf in the habit, to which ſhe had hitherto paid little attention. Pray, Sir Hargrave, ſaid ſhe, let me beg you to terrify me no farther. I will forgive what is paſt, and conſider it as a proper puniſhment for my conſenting to be thus marked for a vain and fooliſh creature. Your abuſe, Sir, allow me to ſay, is low and unmanly; but in the light of a puniſhment I will confeſs I deſerve it. Let my puniſhment end here, and I'll thank and forgive you with all my heart. Your fate is determined, ſaid he; and the ſervant maid giving him a capuchin, he repeated, Your fate is determined, madam.——Here, put this on.——Now fall into fits again!—— Put this on. She begged, prayed, and would have kneeled to him, but in vain; the capuchin was put on, whether ſhe would or no; and being afterwards muffled up in a man's cloak, in ſpite of all her prayers, ſtruggles, and reſiſtance, he lifted her into a chariot and ſix, which came up to the door.

The chariot was attended by ſeveral men on horſeback, among whom was her own ſervant, and Sir Hargrave ſtepping in, ſaid to him, If you meet with impertinents, you know what to ſay; and on her ſcreaming out, he upbraidingly cried, Scream on, my dear, and barbarouſly mocked her, imitating the bleating of a ſheep: then rearing himſelf up, cried, with an air of triumph, Now am I Lord of Miſs Byron! At their firſt ſetting out ſhe once or twice cried out for help, when pretending ſhe would catch cold, he tied a handkerchief over her face and mouth; and muffling her up in the cloak, leaned againſt her with his whole weight, holding both her hands with one of his, while his other arm, being thrown round her, kept her on her ſeat. On her calling out for help at the approach of paſſengers, ſhe heard one of the men repreſent Sir Hargrave as the beſt of huſbands, and herſelf as the worſt of wives. Thus every glimmering ray of hope vaniſhed from the poor lady's mind.

Sir

Sir Charles expecting Lord and Lady L——, who were returning from Scotland, had been at that Nobleman's ſeat at Colnebrook, where he had left his ſiſter Charlotte, to ſee every thing put in order againſt their arrival, and was coming to town in his chariot and ſix, when meeting Sir Hargrave's chariot, the coachmen ſeemed to diſpute the way. Sir Hargrave looking out, to ſee what was the matter, Miſs Byron puſhed the handkerchief from her mouth and eyes, and cried out, Help! help! for God's ſake. Sir Charles ordered his coachman to ſtop, and Sir Hargrave damning his coachman, called out, Drive on when I bed you. The lady again cried out for help, when Sir Charles ordered his ſervants on horſe-back to ſtop the poſtillion of the other chariot, and bid Sir Hargrave's coachman proceed at his peril. Sir Hargrave, with dreadful execrations, continued calling out on the contrary ſide of the chariot to that Sir Charles was on: upon which Sir Charles alighting, walked round to the other ſide, and the lady endeavouring to cry out, he obſerved Sir Hargrave ſtruggle

to put the handkerchief over her mouth, when ſhe ſeeing the ſtranger, ſpread out both her hands, repeating, For God's ſake!—Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, by the arms, ſaid, Sir Charles, I am afraid you are engaged in a very bad affair. I am Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and carrying away a fugitive wife.—Your own wife, Sir Hargrave? Yes, ſaid he, ſwearing, and ſhe was going to elope from me, at a damn'd maſquerade. See, drawing aſide the cloak, I detected her in the very dreſs! O no! no! no! ſaid the Lady. Proceed, coachman, cried Sir Hargrave, and curſed and ſwore. Let me aſk the Lady a queſtion, Sir Hargrave. You are impertinent, Sir, ſaid the villain, who the devil are you? Are you, madam, Lady Pollexfen? returned Sir Charles. O no! no! no! repeated ſhe.

Inſtantly two of Sir Charles's ſervants rode up to him, and a third held the head of the horſe on which the poſtillion ſat. Three of Sir Hargrave's approached on their horſes, but appeared afraid of coming too near. Have an eye on thoſe fellows, ſaid Sir Charles, ſome baſe work is on foot. Then addreſſing

dreſſing Sir Hargrave's coachman, who laſhed his horſes, he cried, Sirrah, proceed at your paril; while Sir Hargrave, curſing and threatening him, ordered him to drive over all that oppoſed him. Sir Charles then turning to the Lady, ſaid, madam, will you—O Sir, Sir, Sir, cried ſhe, relieve me! help me for God's ſake! I am in a villain's hands! Vilely tricked into a villain's hands! Help! help! for God's ſake! Sir Hargrave then drew his ſword, and called upon his ſervants to fire at all that dared to oppoſe his paſſage. My ſervants, ſaid Sir Charles, have fire-arms as well as yours, and will not diſpute my orders. Don't provoke me to give the word. Will you, madam, put yourſelf into my protection? O yes, yes, Sir, ſaid ſhe, with all my heart!

At this inſtant Sir Charles opened the chariot door, when Sir Hargrave making a paſs at him, Take that, ſcoundrel; but Sir Charles being aware of the thruſt, put it by, though the ſword raked his ſhoulder. His own ſword was in his hand, but undrawn, and the chariot door remaining open, he ſeized Sir Hargrave

grave by the collar, before he could recover from the paſs he had made, and with a jerk laid him under the hind wheel of the chariot; then wrenching his ſword from him, he ſnapped it, and threw away the two pieces. Sir Hargrave's mouth and face were inſtantly covered with blood, they being hurt by the pummel of Sir Charles's ſword, and one of his legs, in the ſprawling, getting between the ſpokes of the chariot wheel, Sir Charles charged his coachman not to ſtir for his maſter's ſake.

Notwithſtanding the diſorder of Miſs Byron's mind, ſhe had diſengaged herſelf from the man's cloak. Sir Charles was ſtruck with her beauty, but ſtill more with her terror. He then offered his hand, but inſtead of accepting it, ſhe threw herſelf into his arms ready to faint, on which he carried her round Sir Hargrave's horſes, and ſeating her in his own chariot, aſſured her that ſhe was now in honourable hands, and that he would carry her to his ſiſter, a young lady of virtue and honour; when ſhutting the door, he entreated her to baniſh her fears, for he would attend her

in

J. Lodge delin. et sculp.

in a moment. Sir Hargrave's men had fled, and Sir Charles's ſervants having purſued them a little away, were returning to ſupport their maſter, when, bidding one of them tell Sir Hargrave his name, he ſtepped back to his chariot, where, through terror, ſhe was ſunk down to the bottom, and at his approach, could only ſay, Save me! ſave me! Sir Charles lifted her on the ſeat, and giving her all the conſolation poſſible, carried her to his ſiſter's.

Miſs Charlotte was ſo much ſurpriſed at her brother's unexpected return, and ſo affected at the diſorder ſtill viſible in the lady's countenance, that ſhe at firſt gave little attention to her dreſs; and hearing Sir Charles, in a very tender manner, aſſure her of his and his ſiſter's kindeſt protection, ſhe ſtepped up to her, and ſaluting her, bid her thrice welcome to that houſe. Miſs Byron, too much humbled by her diſtreſs, threw herſelf on her knees to Miſs Charlotte, when Sir Charles and that lady, raiſing her to her ſeat, You ſee before you, madam, ſaid ſhe, a ſtrange creature, and looked at her dreſs; but I hope you will believe

I am

I am an innocent one Think not hardly, Sir, added ſhe, holding up her claſped hands, of her whom you have ſo generouſly delivered. Think not hardly of me, madam; the vile, vile man—Sir Charles deſired his ſiſter to make it her firſt care to raiſe the ſpirits of injured beauty, and her next to take her directions, and inform her friends of her ſafety, obſerving, that ſuch an admirable young lady could not be miſſed an hour without exciting the fears of all her friends: then ſending for an eminent phyſician, and repeating that ſhe was in honourable hands, and that his ſiſter would take pleaſure in obliging her, took his leave.

The conſternation of Mr. and Mrs. Reeves was exceeding great, on their coming home from the maſquerade, and finding that Miſs Byron was not there. They immediately ſent to Lady Betty's; but ſhe being unable to give them any information, every method they could think of was taken to diſcover the place to which ſhe was carried, but without effect, till they received a letter from Miſs Charlotte, which informed

formed them that ſhe had been cruelly treated, but was now in ſafe and honourable hands; and though ſhe was very ill, ſhe was better than ſhe had been. Mr. Reeves inſtantly ſet out for Lord L's, taking with him a portmanteau filled with Miſs Byron's cloaths, and there found his lovely couſin ill, but filled with gratitude for the favours ſhe received from Sir Charles and Miſs Charlotte.

As to Sir Hargrave, he was not only much bruiſed, but had ſtill a greater mortification by his having three of his teeth ſtruck out in his fall from the chariot, and his upper lip cut through, which he was obliged to have ſewed up. He vowed revenge, and was no ſooner recovered, than he ſent Sir Charles a challenge. But though Sir Charles was perfectly ſkilled in the uſe of all the offenſive weapons, he had reſolved never to make uſe of them, except in his own defence. Senſible that dueling was contrary both to the laws of God and ſociety, he vindicated his right to guard his own life, and to ſpare himſelf the guilt of murder; yet he juſtified

tified what he had done, boldly aſſerting to Sir Hargrave's face, that was he to find him again guilty of a notorious violation of the laws of humanity and juſtice, he would again exert himſelf in attempting to ſave injured innocence from the effects of brutality.

Sir Charles and his ſiſter were charmed with the converſation and engaging qualities of their amiable gueſt, and became ſo extremely fond of her, as to give her the title of ſiſter; and on Lord and Lady L's arrival, after Miſs Byron's return to Mr. Reeves's, they were conducted thither by Sir Charles and Miſs Charlotte, that they might ſee and acknowledge their new relation. Miſs Byron's heart was filled with gratitude to her generous deliverer, whoſe virtues were the ſubject of her admiration; and this gratitude ſoon ripened into love. The whole family ſeemed to be actuated by one ſoul: Sir Charles was the tender friend, as well as the affectionate brother; and both Lord L. his lady and her ſiſter, conſidered him not only as their brother, but as their better father, glorying in their relation to him as their

higheſt

higheſt honour. Upon every new occaſion that called forth his virtues, he was the ſubject of their praiſe; and as Miſs Byron frequently reſided for ſeveral days together at Lord L—'s ſeat, ſhe was informed of all the circumſtances of his life which had come to their knowledge.

CHAP. IX.

Sir Charles's *generous Behaviour to Mr.* Danby's *Nephews and Niece.*

MISS Byron, in one of her viſits to Lord L's, was enjoying with the ladies of Sir Charles's family, all the delights that ariſe from an unreſerved ſympthy of ſoul, when their brother ſuddenly ſet out for Canterbury without telling them the reaſon of his journey. They at firſt ſuppoſed, he was carried thither by love, and Miſs Byron ſuffered ſome inquietude on that ſuppoſition; but they were ſoon inform-

ed of the following particulars: Mr. Danby, the French merchant, whoſe life Sir Charles had ſaved, when in France, being ill, was deſirous of dying in his native country, and accordingly landed at Dover; but being unable to proceed any farther in his way to town than to Canterbury, ſent for Sir Charles, and dying there, his boby was afterwards brought to London. He had two nephews and a niece, who owed their education to him, to each of whom he had alſo given a thouſand pounds to put the young men out apprentices to merchants of credit, and enable them to make a reputable appearance; and had given them hopes, that at his death he would leave each of them three thouſand pounds more; but on the attempt made upon his life by the villains employed by their father, of which they were, however, innocent, he left the bulk of his fortune to Sir Charles, making him executor, and reſiduary legatee, after bequeathing two thouſand pounds to each of the three; making ſome generous remembrances of three of his friends in France, and deſiring his exe-

cutor

cutor to diſpoſe of three thouſand to charitable uſes, either in France or England, and to what objects he pleaſed. Had Sir Charles ſtrictly executed this will, he would have been a conſiderable gainer, as Mr. Danby's effects amounted to upwards of 30,000l. But though he was a little offended that neither Mr. Danby's nephews nor his niece attended the funeral, to which he had invited them, nor were preſent at the opening of the will, though he had ſent for them for that purpoſe, he was reſolved to make up the defects occaſioned by Mr. Danby's extending his reſentment to the innocent, and his having too deep a ſenſe of gratitude for Sir Charles's having ſaved his life. Sir Charles, therefore, deſired Mr. Sylveſter, their attorney, who came to excuſe their attendance, to adviſe the young people to recollect themſelves, as he was diſpoſed to be kind to them, and wiſhed they would place ſuch confidence in him, as to give him a particular account of their views and proſpects.

Their attorney, who was a man of character, was highly pleaſed with Sir

Charles, and about two hours after he left him, ſent him a note in the names of all his clients, expreſſing their gratitude, and their deſire to be allowed the honour of waiting on him that afternoon; on which Sir Charles invited the honeſt attorney and his three clients to ſup with him. Sir Charles, at the firſt moment, diſſipated all their uneaſineſs, and they ſat down together with confidence in each other. After their informing him of their different proſpects, he, without keeping them in ſuſpence, aſked what had been their expectations from their uncle, and their proſpects; and they having given him an account of their views and deſigns, he told Mr. Thomas Danby, the eldeſt, that beſides his legacy, he might reckon upon 5000l. and accordingly enter into treaty with his maſter for marrying his niece, and have a ſhare in the buſineſs. He commiſſioned Mr Edward Danby, on the ſtrength of the like additional ſum, to treat about entering into partnerſhip with the gentleman he had ſerved. And you, my good Miſs Danby, ſaid he, ſhall acquaint your favoured admirer, the

the merchant's ſon, that beſides the two thouſand pounds already yours, you'll have five thouſand pounds more at his ſervice. And if theſe ſums don't anſwer your full purpoſe, I expect you'll let me know. I never will be a richer man than I ought to be; and you muſt inform me what other relations you have, and of their different ſituations in life, that I may amend a will made in a long and painful ſickneſs, that might ſour a diſpoſition naturally benevolent. They wept, looked at each other, wiped their eyes, and wept again; when Sir Charles, thinking his preſence painful to them, withdrew to his ſtudy. But ſoon returning, Do you—do you, cried each brother to the other; when Mr. Thomas Danby riſing to ſpeak, Sir Charles told them he ſaw gratitude in their countenances. Do you think, added he, my pleaſure is not at leaſt equal to yours? I am ſufficiently rewarded in the conſciouſneſs of having endeavoured to make a right uſe of the power entruſted to me. You will each of you, I hope, with this capital, be eminent in his particular buſineſs. If I have oblig-

ed you, let me recommend each of you, according to your abilities, and as opportunity may offer, to raiſe thoſe worthy hearts that are rendered ſpiritleſs by their calamities. Conſider what is done for you, not as the reward of any particular merits in yourſelves, but as to that Providence, which has made it a principal part of your religion to do good; and let me enjoin you, in all your tranſactions, to remember mercy as well as juſtice. The brothers declared, that his example had opened their hearts, which they hoped would never be ſhut; the ſiſter looked the ſame declaration; and Mr. Sylveſter, raiſed with this ſcene, ſaid, with tears in his eyes, that after ſo noble an example, he ſhould be impatient till he had looked into his affairs, in order to qualify himſelf to do ſome little good. Sir Charles, at parting, told the nephews, that he expected to hear from them; and whether their maſters and they agreed or not, he would take the ſpeedieſt method of putting them into poſſeſſion of what they were intitled to, as well by his promiſe,

miſe, as by their uncle's will. Their ſiſter wept, and when Sir Charles preſſed her hand at taking leave of her, gratefully returned the preſſure, but in a manner ſo modeſt as ſhewed that gratitude had poſſeſſion of her whole heart, and ſet her above the forms of her ſex.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Miſs Byron *acknowledges to Sir* Charles's *Siſters her Love for their Brother. Sir* Charles *lets her know his perplexed Situation with regard to* Clementina, *who is greatly diſordered in her mind, and he being influenced by a Letter from* Jeronymo, *again ſets out for* Italy, *with the Advice of Phyſicians in Writing, and attended by a Surgeon.*

MISS Byron was charmed with ſuch inſtances of diſintereſted goodneſs in her deliverer; and Sir Charles's ſiſters, by whom ſhe was tenderly beloved, obſerving the pleaſure with which ſhe liſtened to every thing they ſaid of him, and the delight ſhe took in his converſation, prevailed on her to confeſs the impreſſion he had made on her heart; letting her know, that they wiſhed to acknowledge her as their real ſiſter, and generouſly offered their aſſiſtance, in order to diſcover the ſituation of their brother's mind. They knew

knew that he had a high eſteem for Miſs Byron, but could not be certain that he was not under engagements to ſome foreign beauty. They therefore applied for information to the worthy Doctor Bartlett, who was now Sir Charles's chaplain, and was well acquainted with every circumſtance of his life. But this gentleman referred them to their brother; on which they took the firſt opportunity to aſk him whether he had any thought of marriage, and if his heart was in the poſſeſſion of any foreign lady. To this he only anſwered, that he was in a very difficult ſituation, and far from being happy. But a few days after, taking Miſs Byron into Lord L——'s ſtudy, he gave her the hiſtory of the noble Clementina and his friend Jeronymo, referring her, for further particulars, to his letters to Dr. Bartlett. She was extremely moved by the the affecting ſtory, admired and pitied the lovely Italian, and, every hope of happineſs by an union with him being now vaniſhed, reſolved to uſe her utmo endeavours to conquer her paſſion.

Sir

Sir Charles, ſome days after, paid a viſit to Miſs Byron at her uncle Reeves's, where being left alone with her, he, with a ſolemn air, thus addreſſed her: The laſt time I had the honour of being alone with my good Miſs Byron, I told her a very tender tale, which muſt raiſe in ſuch a heart as hers a generous compaſſion for the nobleſt lady on the continent. The ſtory did, indeed, affect you; and I am ſure you muſt have ſuffered ſtill more from the ſame compaſſionate goodneſs on the communications made you by Dr. Bartlett. May I be allowed, Madam, to add a few particulars on the ſame ſubject? for I am deſirous to acquaint you, rather than any woman in the world, with all I know myſelf of this melancholy affair. Miſs Byron, with trembling heſitation, anſwered, that the ſtory was, indeed, a moſt affecting one, and that he would do her an honour in acquainting her with further particulars. Sir Charles then told her, that Clementina's brother the Biſhop had written to entreat, that he would once more viſit Bologna, though the General was againſt his coming

coming. He offered to meet him where he pleaſed, and to conduct him to Bologna, where his preſence would rejoice every heart. He likewiſe ſhewed her a letter from Mrs. Beaumont, which informed him of many affecting particulars. The noble, yet unhappy Clementina had been hurried from place to place, with the expectation of ſeeing him, and had afterwards been put into the hands of the Lady Sforza, and her daughter Laurana, who, from intereſted motives, and envy of her ſuperior qualities, had treated her with the utmoſt cruelty. Miſs Byron wept at reading the affecting particulars of thoſe inhumanities which had broken the ſpirit of the excellent Lady, while Sir Charles cried out, How inſupportable would have been my reflections, did my conſcience tell me that I had been the wilful cauſe of the noble Clementina's calamities! He alſo ſhewed her a letter from Seignior Jeronymo, which informed him that his life was a burden to him, and that he did not think himſelf in ſkilful hands, wiſhing that Sir Charles and himſelf had been of one country,

ſince

ſince the greateſt felicity he could now enjoy would be to reſign up his life to the great Author of it, in the arms of his deareſt friend.

At this inſtant Mr. Reeves entering the room, Miſs Byron walked to the window, and ſtrove to recollect herſelf. The gentleman ſoon after withdrew, when Sir Charles coming up to her, My heart bleeds, Sir, ſaid ſhe, for the diſtreſſes of your Clementina; I admire, beyond expreſſion, the greatneſs of her behaviour, and moſt ſincerely do I lament her diſtreſſes. But what is there in the power of man that Sir Charles Grandiſon cannot do? You, Sir, have honoured me with the title of ſiſter, and in the tenderneſs of that relation, permit me to ſay, that I dread the effects of the General's petulance: I feel for you the pain it muſt give your humane heart to be once more perſonally preſent to the woes of the inimitable lady: but, I am ſure, you did not heſitate a moment about leaving all your friends here, and reſolving to haſte over, to try at leaſt what can be done for the noble ſufferer. Sir Charles leading her to her ſeat, and taking

taking his by her, anſwered, Ever ſince I had the honour of knowing Miſs Byron. I have conſidered her as one of the moſt excellent of women. My heart demands an alliance with hers, though I am in ſo perplexed a ſituation, that I ſcarcely dare truſt myſelf to ſpeak on the ſubject. From the firſt, I called Miſs Byron my ſiſter; but ſhe is even more to me than the deareſt ſiſter; and whatever may be the accidents of either ſide to bar a further wiſh, I aſpire to hold a more tender friendſhip with her; and this I hope, ſhe will not deny me, ſo long as it ſhall be conſiſtent with her other attachments.—He pauſed, and ſhe made an effort to ſpeak, but could not utter a word. He then told her, that he had wrote to the Biſhop, that he would moſt chearfully comply with his wiſhes, and that as Jeronymo expreſſed himſelf diſſatisfied with his ſurgeons, he only waited for a ſkilful one, who was ſettling his affairs, in order to go with him. Then, inviting Miſs Byron to dine with him the next day, he took his leave.

Sir Charles having ſettled ſome important affairs, particularly the marriage of his ſiſter Charlotte to Lord G——, and obtained the opinion of ſeveral eminent phyſicians in writing on Lady Clementina's caſe, he ſet out for Italy, by the way of France, accompanied by Mr. Lowther, a ſkilful ſurgeon.

CHAP. XI.

Sir Charles *reſcues Sir* Hargrave Pollexfen *from the further Reſentment of the Perſons whom he had injured. The Reception he meets with from the noble Family at* Bologna, *who conſent to his marrying the unhappy* Clementina *on his own Terms; but when he thinks his Happineſs ſecure, ſhe, from a Scruple of Conſcience, rejects him, and entreats him to marry another Lady. The diſtreſsful Scenes which followed.*

IN his journey to Paris, he was ſtopped by one of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's ſervants, who gave him a diſmal account

account that his maſter and another gentleman had been attacked by ſeveral men, who were at that time murdering them behind a hill at a ſmall diſtance. Sir Charles, leaping out of the poſt-chaiſe, deſired Mr. Lowther's ſervant to diſmount, and getting on his horſe, galloped away with his three ſervants towards the place. His ears were ſoon pierced with the poor wretches cries, and he beheld two men on horſeback, holding the horſes of four others, who had two gentlemen under them, ſtruggling, groaning, and crying for mercy. Sir Charles, who was a good way a head of his ſervants, called to them to ſpare the gentlemen, and galloping towards the proſtrate ſufferers, two of the four quitted them, and mounting, joined the two other horſemen, advancing to meet him, with a ſhew of ſupporting the two men on foot, who continued laying on the wretches unmercifully with the butt-end of their whips. The four men on horſeback, demanded a conference, with their piſtols in their hands, as Sir Charles alſo had his, adviſing him not to provoke his fate by

his raſhneſs, and declaring that he was a dead man if he fired. Sir Charles bid them forbear all further violence to the gentlemen, and then he would hear what they had to ſay. He then put his piſtol into his holſter, and one of his ſervants coming up, and the two others being at hand, he called out to them not to fire till they had his orders; and giving him his horſe's reins, leaped down, drew his ſword, and advanced towards the two men who were ſo cruelly exerciſing their whips; but on his approach, they drew their hangers, and retired to a little diſtance. The four men on horſeback joining the two on foot, juſt as they were quitting the object of their fury, one of them ſaid, Forbear, brother, for the preſent, any further violence; the gentleman ſhall be told the cauſe. Murder, Sir, ſaid he, is not intended, nor are we robbers; thoſe you are ſolicitous to ſave, are villains. At this inſtant, Sir Charles raiſed firſt one groaning man, and then the other. Their heads were covered with blood, and they were ſore bruiſed, that they could not extend their arms to reach

their

their wigs and hats which lay near them. By this time the men on foot had mounted their horſes, and all ſix ſtood on their defence; but one of them was ſo furious, that two of the others could ſcarce reſtrain him, he crying that his vengeance ſhould be ſtill more complete. At this inſtant came up Mr. Lowther, and his ſervant in the chaiſe, each with a piſtol in his hand; and he having, at Sir Charles's deſire, examined their wounds, declared that there was no apparent danger of death. On which Sir Charles obſerved, that as they had neither attempted to fly, nor been guilty of violence to himſelf, his friend, or ſervants, he was afraid they had reaſon to think themſelves ill uſed by the gentlemen. You, Sir, cried one of them, ſeem to be a man of honour and temper; we are men of honour as well as you. Our deſign was not to kill the miſcreants, as we told you, but to give them reaſon to remember their villainy as long as they lived, and to put it out of their power ever to be guilty of the like. They have made a vile attempt on a lady's honour at Abbeville, and

finding themſelves detected, have endeavoured, by round-about ways, to eſcape the vengeance of her friends. That gentleman has reaſon for being enraged, ſince he is the lady's huſband; that and that are her brothers. The villains have not yet been puniſhed as they deſerve; but let them aſk on their knees this gentleman's pardon, pointing to the huſband, and promiſe never more to come within two leagues of Abbeville, and we will leave them in your protection. Sir Charles then turning towards Sir Hargrave and his companion, ſaid, Gentlemen, if you have done wrong, you ought not to ſcruple aſking pardon; but if you know yourſelves to be innocent, though I would be loth to riſque the lives of my friend and ſervants, my countrymen ſhall not make ſo undue a ſubmiſſion. The wretches inſtantly kneeled; and the others civilly ſaluting Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther rode off, to the great joy of the two delinquents, who again kneeled to their deliverers, pouring forth bleſſings on the man whoſe life one of them had ſo lately ſought, and in whoſe preſervation he had ſuch

reaſon

reaſon to rejoice. Sir Hargrave's poſt-chaiſe now coming up, he and his companion were with difficulty, lifted into it, while Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther went into theirs, and being only at a ſmall diſtance from Paris, they proceeded to that city in company.

Sir Charles was met at Parma by the Biſhop and Father Mareſcotti, where he found them at the palace of the Count of Belvedere. They all expreſſed great joy at ſeeing him; but told him, on his enquiring after the Barone Jeronymo, that he was alive, and that was all; however, the ſight of his friend would be a cordial to his heart. As to Clementina, her bodily health was greatly impaired, and they had little hopes of the recovery of her mind. They both regretted that ſhe had been denied the requeſted interview at his departure, and were convinced, that if it had been granted, and ſhe had been left to Mrs. Beaumont's friendly care, they might have expected a happy iſſue. The next day they ſet out for Bologna, and the Count of Belvedere accompanying them about half way, found an opportunity to mention

to

to Sir Charles his unabated paſſion for Clementina, and that he had lately made offers to marry her, notwithſtanding the diſorder of her mind, ſince he flattered himſelf that her cure was not impoſſible.

Sir Charles, on his arrival at Bologna, haſted to the Barone, who, the moment he ſaw him, cried, Do I once more behold my friend, my Grandiſon? Let me embrace my deareſt friend. Now, now, I have lived long enough; and bowing his head on his pillow, his countenance ſhone with pleaſure, in ſpite of his pain. The Biſhop then led him to the Marquis and Marchioneſs, when his reception from the former was kind, but from his lady, it was that of a mother to a long abſent child. She told him, ſhe had ever eſteemed him her fourth ſon, and now he had brought over with him a ſurgeon of experience, and advice in writting of eminent phyſicians of his country, the obligations he had laid on their whole family were too great ever to be returned. They received Mr Lowther with great politeneſs, and recommended their Jeronymo to his beſt ſkill. His two ſurgeons were ſent for, and Sir Charles

Charles having given them Mr. Lowther's character, preſented him to them, and they informed him of their method of proceeding. The ſame evening Mr. Lowther aſſiſted at the dreſſings, and in ſo eaſy and gentle a manner ſuggeſted an alteration, that the gentlemen came readily into it. The family were now delighted with Mr. Lowther, and flattered themſelves with the hopes of the Barone's recovery.

When Sir Charles had been a few days at Bologna, the Lady Clementina was brought thither by the General and his Lady, to whom he had lately been married. The General could never bear the thought that Sir Charles, an Engliſh proteſtant, ſhould be thought of ſuch conſequence to his ſiſter's happineſs; hence he had always been his enemy: he therefore now expreſſed himſelf with coldneſs on his coming over, and treated him with contempt. This behaviour Sir Charles reſented, and with a noble ſuperiority of behaviour obliged him to baniſh his unjuſt ſuſpicions, and at length to grant him his eſteem. The lady Clementina ſeemed the picture of ſilent woe;

ſhe

ſhe neither knew nor paid the leaſt attention to her mother, of whom ſhe had never before been unmindful; hence it was reſolved to revive her attention, by introducing her in a full aſſembly, in which Sir Charles was preſent. Being before told that he was arrived, ſhe entered, having only Camilla, her woman, with her ſervant Laura attending. Her motion was ſlow and ſolemn; her robes were black and flowing; her dejected face was half covered by a veil of black gauze, and her eyes were caſt on the ground. Sir Charles aroſe from his ſeat, ſat down, and roſe again irreſolute, not knowing what he did, or what to do. She approached the table round which the company ſat, but with her eyes caſt down, and more than half cloſed: ſhe then turned towards the window. Here, here, madam, ſaid Camilla, leading her to a chair that had been placed for her between the Marchioneſs and the General's Lady. She ſat down. Her mother wept, as did alſo the General's Lady; and her father ſobbing, turned his head aſide. Her mother then took her hand, ſaying, My love, look around you; but ſhe

ſhe took no notice. The General, grieved and impatent, aroſe; ſtepped to her; and hanging over her ſhoulder, cried, My deareſt ſiſter, look upon us all. See your father, mother, ſiſter, and every body in tears. If you love us, ſmile upon us; when lifting up her eyes to him, ſhe tried to ſmile; but ſuch a ſolemnity had taken poſſeſſion of her features, that her ſmile appeared the ſmile of woe. The Marquis riſing from his ſeat, with his handkerchief at his eyes, cried, ſweet creature! never, never let me ſee again ſuch a ſmile as that. It is here, added he, laying his hand on his boſom. Obliging ſiſter, ſaid the General; ſee Father Mareſcotti is in tears, (he ſat by Sir Charles) pity his grey hairs! She caſt her eyes that way, and ſaw Sir Charles greatly affected. She ſtarted. She looked again; again ſtarted, reddening and growing pale by turns. She roſe, then threw her arms about Camilla, who ſtood by her, crying, O Camilla! then gave way to a violent burſt of tears. Sir Charles was ſpringing to her, and before them all would have claſped her in his arms, but the General ſtopping him,

him, ſaid, Dear Grandiſon, keep your ſeat. If Clementina remembers her Engliſh tutor, ſhe will once more welcome you to Bologna. O Camilla, ſaid ſhe, faithful good Camilla! now at laſt you have told me the truth! It is, it is he, hiding her face in Camilla's boſom. She then, ſupported by the Marchioneſs and the General's Lady, turned towards the door; but Sir Charles coming up to her, ſhe ſtopped, and ſaying, Ah, Chevalier, reclined her head on her mother's boſom, ſeeming ready to faint. He took her hand, and kneeling, preſſed it to his lips, crying, Forgive me, ladies, forgive me, Lady Clementina! His ſoul overflowing with tenderneſs, he could ſay no more; he therefore aroſe. She moved on to the door, and there turned her head, ſtraining to look at him till ſhe was out of the room, Sir Charles ſtanding like a ſtatue.

After this, many tender interviews paſſed between Sir Charles and Clementina. All the family repeatedly uſed the moſt earneſt perſuaſions to induce Sir Charles to change his religion; but thoſe proving ineffectual, they conſented

ſented to give him Clementina on the conditions he himſelf had propoſed: the daughters were, therefore, to be conſidered as Italians, they were to be educated in Italy, and to enjoy the great eſtate given to Clementina by her two grandfathers, on condition of her marrying; while the ſons, as being proteſtants, were to be educated in England, and provided for by their father. Meanwhile, Sir Charles's joy was damped by the grief of the Count of Belvedere, who arrived at Bologna, paid him ſeveral viſits; and being weary of life, ſtrove but in vain, to prevail on Sir Charles to meet him without the city gates, proteſting that while he had life, Clementina ſhould not be his.

The whole family having conſented to Sir Charles's union with Clementina, and the marriage articles being ſettled, it was imagined ſhe would have received his hand with tranſport: but now a ſudden thoughtfulneſs took poſſeſſion of her mind, and ſhe ſpent a conſiderable time in writing. On Sir Charles being introduced to her, ſhe received him with tears, ſighs, and trembling heſitation;

and having put a paper into his hand, cried, Leave me, leave me; then retiring to her cloſet, ſhut the door, and fell on her knees; when Sir Charles, to avoid hearing ſighs which pierced his heart, walked into the next room, where he found her mother and Camilla, who inſtantly went to her; when opening the paper, he was aſtoniſhed at finding that it contained the moſt earneſt perſuaſions to baniſh all thoughts of being united to her by marriage, urged with all the tenderneſs of mind influenced by pity, and overflowing with love and gratitude; the ſubſtance of which is as follows:

O thou whom my heart loveth; my tutor, my brother, my friend; ſeek me not to marriage. Thy ſoul was ever moſt dear to Clementina; whenever I meditated the gracefulneſs of thy perſon, I reſtrained my eye; I checked my fancy, by meditating on the ſuperior graces of thy mind. And is not that ſoul, thought I, to be ſaved? Dear, obſtinate, and perverſe! And ſhall I bind my ſoul to a ſoul allied to perdition?—O thou moſt amiable of men! how can I be ſure, that

that were I thine, thou wouldſt not draw me after thee, by thy love, by thy ſweetneſs of manners, by thy condeſcending goodneſs? I who once thought a heretic the worſt of beings, have been already lead by the amiableneſs of thy piety, by the univerſality of thy charity, to think more favourably of all heretics for thy ſake. Of what force could be the advice of the moſt pious confeſſor, were thy condeſcending goodneſs and ſweet perſuaſion to be exerted, to melt a heart wholly thine? O thou, whom my ſoul loveth, ſeek not to entangle me by thy love! Were I to be thine, my duty to thee would miſlead me from that I owe to my God, and make me more than temporarily unhappy; for, canſt thou, can I be indifferent in theſe high matters? Haſt thou not ſhewn me that thou canſt not? And ſhall I not be inſtructed by thy example? Shall a wrong religion have a force and efficacy upon thee, which a right one cannot have upon me? O thou moſt amiable of men! ſeek not to entangle me by thy love. But doſt thou indeed love me, or is it owing to thy generoſity, thy noble-

neſs, thy compaſſion for a creature, who aiming to be great, like thee, could not ſuſtain the effort? I know thou loveſt Clementina; it is her pride to think thou doſt. But ſhe is not worthy of thee. Yet let thy heart own that thou loveſt her ſoul, her immortal ſoul, and her future peace. In that wilt thou ſhew thy love, as ſhe has endeavoured to ſhew hers. Thou art all magnanimity; thou canſt ſuſtain the effort to which ſhe was unequal. Make ſome other woman happy, but let it not be an Italian.

O thou whom my ſoul loveſt! let me try the greatneſs of thy love, and the greatneſs of thy ſoul, by thy endeavours to ſtrengthen, and not to impair a reſolution, which, after all, it will be in thy power to make me break or keep! But my brain wounded, my health impaired, can I expect a long life? And ſhall I not endeavour to make the cloſe of it happy? But, O my friends, what can we do for this great and good man, in return for his goodneſs to two of your children? Theſe obligations lie heavy upon my heart. Yet who knows not his magnanimity?

mity? Divine, almoſt divine Philanthropiſt, canſt thou forgive me? I know thou canſt. Thou haſt the ſame notions that I have of the brevity and vanity of this world's glory, and of the duration of that to come! If I have the courage, the reſolution to ſhew thee this paper, do thou enable me, by thy great example, to complete the conqueſt of myſelf; and do not put me upon taking advantage of the generoſity of my honoured friends—Yet, after all, it muſt be, let me own, in thy choice, (for I cannot bear to be thought ungrateful to ſuch exalted merit,) to add what name thou pleaſeſt to that of Clementina.

At reading this paper, Sir Charles was amazed, confounded, and filled with admiration at the angelic ſoul of this lady. He threw himſelf on a couch, without thinking of Camilla, who ſat in the window. Clementina rang. Camilla haſted to her. He ſtarted as ſhe paſſed him, and aroſe; but on her return, ſhe rouſed him from the ſtupefaction with which he was ſeized. O Sir, cried ſhe, my poor lady fears your anger; ſhe fears, yet hopes to ſee you. Haſte, haſte, and

ſave her from fainting. He ran in. The admirable lady met him half way, and throwing herſelf at his feet, ſaid, Forgive, forgive the creature that muſt be miſerable, if ſhe has offended you. He attempted to raiſe her, but ſhe cried, ſhe would not riſe till he had forgiven her. He then kneeled to her as ſhe kneeled, and claſping her in his arms, cried, Forgive you, madam! O inimitable woman! Can you forgive me for having preſumed, and for ſtill preſuming, to hope to call ſuch an angel mine! Being ready to faint, ſhe threw her arms about Sir Charles, to ſupport herſelf. Camilla held her ſalts to her noſe, and ſhe again repeated, Am I, am I forgiven! Say that I am. Forgive you, Madam! he returned, you have done nothing that wants forgiveneſs! I admire your greatneſs of mind. What you wiſh, bid me be, and that I will be. Riſe, moſt excellent of human creatures! Sir Charles then raiſing her, led her to a chair, and involuntarily kneeled on one knee with both her hands in his, and looked up to her with eyes filled with love and reverence. Camilla had haſted to the Marchioneſs,

chioneſs, crying, O Madam! ſuch a ſcene! haſten up, haſten up. They will faint in one another's arms. The Marchioneſs ran after Camilla, and found them thus kneeling. Dear Chevalier, cried ſhe, for the ſake of my child's head reſtrain your grateful rapture! O madam, ſaid he, riſing and taking one of her hands, glory in your daughter: you always loved and admired her; you will now glory in her, ſhe is an angel. Permit me, madam, added he, looking at Clementina, to preſent this paper to the Marchioneſs. He then gave it her, ſaying, Read it, madam, let your Lord, let the Biſhop, let Father Mareſcotti read it. But read it with compaſſion for me, and then direct me what to ſay, what to do! I reſign myſelf entirely to your direction and theirs; and to yours, my dear lady Clementina. You ſay you forgive me, Chevalier, ſaid ſhe; now ſhall I forgive myſelf, God's goodneſs and yours will, I hope, perfectly reſtore me. O Chevalier, love my mind, as yours was ever the object of my love.

Every perſon in the family were aſtoniſhed at this unexpected turn: the Barone

rone pitied his friend, telling him that he could not bear to ſee a mind like his ſubject to the petulence of a brain ſick girl: but none of them imagined ſhe would be able to keep her reſolution; and to encourage Sir Charles, they reminded him, that ſhe had entirely put herſelf in his power, by writing that he might add what name he pleaſed to that of Clementina. Sir Charles, however, perceived, that her conſcience was concerned, and notwithſtanding his paſſion, he told them, he could not reſolve to perſude her to violate it. Dear Grandiſon, ſaid the Biſhop, taking his hand, how I admire you! But can you be ſo great? Shall I not, my Lord, he returned, emulate ſuch an example ſet by a woman? I came over without any intereſted views. I, indeed, conſidered myſelf as bound by the conditions to which I had formerly agreed; but the lady Clementina and your family, as free. If ſhe perſiſts in her preſent reſolution, I will endeavour to acquieſce.

A few days after, the Marchioneſs, in Clementina's name, begged of Sir Charles, that he would accept of her on the conditions they themſelves had propoſed,

poſed, and that he would change his religion. Father Mareſcotti ſeconding the motion, would have entreated him on his knees. O Chevalier, ſaid the Biſhop, how happy is it in your power to make us all! You will not, I hope, dear Grandiſon, ſaid the Marquis, refuſe my daughter. Aſk any conditions of us. She ſhall be with you in England in a month's time. We will accompany her thither, and ſtay till you ſhall chuſe to return with us. Jeronymo, ſobbing, caught his hand, crying, For God's ſake, for my ſake, for all our ſakes, for your ſoul's ſake, my Grandiſon be ours. Let your Jeronymo call you brother. If my tears, if my prayers have weight, ſaid the Marchioneſs, let me call down my child, and ſhe ſhall give you her hand in our preſence. She thinks, beſides her regard for your ſoul, that ſhe ought to inſiſt upon the terms on which we would have conſented to make her yours, in gratitude for our compliance with her wiſhes. Deareſt Grandiſon! rejoined the Biſhop, refuſe not my ſiſter, refuſe not the aſſenting Clementina.

They were all ſilent, with their eyes fixed

fixed upon Sir Charles, on which he replied, Refuſe lady Clementina, ſaid you! How you wound my ſoul by the ſuppoſition! Lady Clementina's generous and condeſcending propoſal, when I am willing to allow terms to her that ſhe will not to me, ſhews how important ſhe thinks the difference between the two religions; and I have only to confeſs myſelf that the power of refuſal lies where it ought. Yet let me add, this company cannot think me too ſolemn—Were I to live always here, and were convinced that there is no life after this, your commands and Clementina's would be laws to me. But has ſhe not the goodneſs to ſay in her paper, that I have the ſame notions as ſhe of the brevity and vanity of this world's glory, and of the duration of that to come. It is hard, very hard, ſaid the Biſhop, for a man convinced of the truth of his religion, to allow to another of a different perſuaſion, what he expects ſhould be allowed for himſelf. You, Chevalier, however, can allow it; and have ſuch greatneſs of mind, as to judge favourably of thoſe who cannot. I do love you, but fain would

would I love you more. The Marchioneſs wept. My dear love, ſaid the Marquis, taking her hand, how many tears has this affair coſt you! My heart bleeds to ſee you weep. The Chevalier is unworthy of our child, unworthy of the terms we offered him, unworthy of our joint entreaties—He is an invincible man.

Sir Charles being greatly affected, withdrew; but having taken two or three turns in the ſaloon, returned; on which the Marquis coming to him, cried, I am ſorry——Not one word of apology, my Lord, ſaid Sir Charles, interrupting him: I did not withdraw from reſentment, but purely from concern, that in your opinion I did not deſerve the honour done me by one ſo dear to you.—— Think me unhappy, my Lord, and pity me. Principle, not perverſeneſs, influences me; it does every one preſent, it does the lady above; and ſhall we not allow for one another, when we are all actuated by the ſame motive? At this the Biſhop threw his arms about Sir Charles, crying, Generous expanſion of heart!

Sir Charles now finding that Clementina

tina ſtedfaſtly perſiſted in her reſolution, deſired they would allow him to make one effort to convince her that ſhe might be happy with him, by endeavouring to remove her ſcruples with reſpect to his inviolable honour, and his allowing her the free exerciſe of her religion. To this they at length conſented, and ſhe deſiring to ſee him, he earneſtly pleaded his having agreed to allow her her chapel, her confeſſor, and her own ſervants. He alleged that he might prevail on her father and mother to give them the pleaſure of their company in their firſt journey to England; and that the Barone would likewiſe go with them, and might obtain great benefit from the uſe of the reſtorative baths of his country. He expatiated on the pleaſure ſhe would receive from the affection of his ſiſters and their lords, who would accompany her in her journeys to Italy; and on the delight with which ſhe would every other year viſit and revisit England and her native country. How dear, cried he, will you be, in turn, to your old friends and to your new!——My deareſt Clementina! let me hear you ſay, that you think

you

you can be happy, and yet bleſs me with your love. O how, ſaid ſhe, ſhall I guard myſelf againſt a voice that is the voice of love!—If I attempt to argue I am loſt! Does not this ſhew me, that were I to be yours, I muſt be all you wiſh? And then my everlaſting peace! my everlaſting happineſs! O Chevalier! I doubt not your juſtice, your generoſity; but I fear myſelf:—Seek not, let me repeat, ſeek not, kindeſt of men, to entangle me with your love. Sir Charles, fearing ſhe would have fainted, claſped her in his arms; and ſhe returned, Let me, let me cut ſhort what I intended to ſay, by referring you to my paper, which cannot be anſwered to my ſatisfaction. Be my advocate to your own heart, and ſeek not, deareſt of men, to entangle me with your love. Sir Charles then aſſured her, that whatever it coſt him, he would yield to her pleaſure, and never urge her again on that ſubject, except he was informed by the Biſhop that ſhe had changed her mind.

The agitations he had ſuffered were ſcarcely to be ſupported; and as he found his health affected, he thought it

neceſſary, both on the noble lady's account and his own, to wean himſelf by abſence. He therefore viſited ſeveral cities of Italy, and then returned to take his final leave of Bologna. The joy and gratitude of the Marquis, his lady, and her ſon, on the recovered intellects of their incomparable daughter; the pleaſing proſpect of the recovery of Jeronymo, and their admiration and affection for a perſon to whom they were under ſuch great obligations, made them at a loſs how to return the favour he had conferred upon them; and they entreated him to let them know what return he would accept: on which he obſerved, that the higheſt favour he could poſſibly receive, would be the honour of a viſit, the next ſpring, from that noble family; by which means, he made no doubt, but that his dear Jeronymo would be perfectly recovered by the uſe of the Engliſh baths. They accepted this propoſal with hearts filled with admiration, and Sir Charles, after taking an affecting leave of Clementina and Jeronymo, ſet out for England.

Miſs Byron *ſtruggles to conquer her Paſſion; but* Sir Charles *no ſooner returns to* England, *than he pays his Addreſſes to her. Their Courtſhip and Marriage.*

DURING his ſtay in Italy, he had ſent to Dr. Bartlett a particular account of whatever paſſed in relation to the noble Clementina; and theſe letters were conſtantly ſent by Sir Charles's ſiſters to Miſs Byron; who, notwithſtanding her love for the writer, had the generoſity to admire the lady, who, in a thouſand inſtances, ſhewed the greatneſs of her mind, and the dignity of her ſentiments. By ſome of theſe letters, Miſs Byron was deprived of all hope of being united to her generous deliverer, who alone had ever made an impreſſion on her heart; ſhe however ſtrove to acquieſce with chearfulneſs in her lot, and to conſider him only as a dear and invaluable friend, while ſhe ſtruggled to baniſh every idea of his being more nearly related to her; but theſe ſtruggles with herſelf had ſuch an effect, that her health gradually declined.

On Sir Charles's arrival in his native country, he was received by his family and friends with the warmeſt teſtimonies of joy: but he was extremely alarmed at the news of Miſs Byron's illneſs; he therefore took a journey into Northamptonſhire, where that lady lived with her relations, and paid a viſit to Mrs. Shirely, her grandmother, an elderly lady of a very amiable character; when, informing her of his ſituation with reſpect to Clementina, he aſked, if it was conſiſtent with her notions of delicacy to give her intereſt in his favour; adding, that if it was, and if Miſs Byron would accept of a heart that had been thus unaccountably divided, they would lay him under an obligation that he could only endeavour to return by the utmoſt gratitude and affection: then deſiring an anſwer in writing, he left upon the table ſeveral letters he had received from Jeronymo and Clementina, with his anſwers, that ſhe might ſee that the affair was entirely finiſhed between him and that lady, and then took his leave.

Immediately Mrs. Shirley ſent for Miſs

Miſs Byron, Mr. and Mrs. Selby, with ſome other relations; and having informed them of the welcome news, they read the letters, which gave them entire ſatisfaction; on which the old lady wrote to Sir Charles, that they received, as the higheſt honour, the offer he had made of an alliance that would do credit to families of the firſt rank; and that it had been there moſt ardent wiſh, that the man who had reſcued the dear creature might be at liberty to entitle himſelf to her grateful love.

Sir Charles, on receiving this welcome letter, paid his addreſſes to Miſs Byron. She at firſt received him with viſible confuſion, but was ſoon encouraged by his polite and tender behaviour. He ſhewed her another letter from Jeronymo, in which his dear friend urged him to ſet an example to Clementina, by entering into the marriage ſtate; and informed him, that the noble lady wiſhed for nothing more than to hear of his being happily married. You ſee, madam, added he, I am fully free, with regard to Clementina; free by her own choice. It was always Cle-

mentina's wiſh that I would marry, and only be careful that my choice ſhould not diſgrace her regard for me; but when ſhe has the pleaſure of knowing the dear lady before me, if I am allowed that honour, ſhe will confeſs that my choice has done the higheſt credit to the favour ſhe honoured me with. He was ſilent, and ſeeming to expect an anſwer. The honour, ſaid ſhe, with much heſitation, of Sir Charles Grandiſon, no one ever did, or ever can doubt. I muſt own—I muſt confeſs——Here ſhe pauſed. What does my dear Miſs Byron own? What confeſs? ſaid he. Aſſure yourſelf, madam, of my honour, of my gratitude. Should you have doubts, ſpeak them. This Sir, ſaid ſhe, is my confeſſion, the confeſſion of a heart no leſs ſincere than yours, that I am dazzled and confounded at the ſuperior merits of the noble lady you ſtill ſo juſtly eſteem. I fear not, Sir, any more than ſhe, your honour, your juſtice, your indulgent tenderneſs. Your character, your principles are full ſecurity to the woman who ſhall endeavour to deſerve that indulgence. But to

juſtly

juſtly high do I think of the Lady Clementina's conduct, that I fear it is impoſſible—What impoſſible? What does my dear Miſs Byron fear is impoſſible? Thus kindly urged, returned ſhe, why ſhall I not ſpeak all that is in my mind? The poor Harriet Byron, when ſhe contemplates the magnanimity of that excellent lady, fears, that with all her endeavours, ſhe ſhall never be able to make the figure to herſelf that is neceſſary for her tranquility. This, Sir, is all my fear. Generous, kind, noble Miſs Byron, returned he, in a rapture; and is this all your fear? Then muſt the man before you be happy. Clementina has acted glorioufly, preferring her religion and her country to all other conſiderations; and ſhall I not be doubly bound in gratitude to her ſiſter excellence, who not having theſe trials, yet the moſt delicate of human minds, ſhews in my favour a frankneſs of heart which ſets her above little forms, and at the ſame time a generoſity with regard to the merits of another lady, that has few examples? May my future life be attended with bleſſings, in proportion as this

this grateful heart ſhall acknowledge your goodneſs!

Miſs Byron having now before her the proſpect of an union with a perſon entitled to her tendereſt love, eſteem, and gratitude; a happineſs which ſhe had not till this time even dared to hope for; her heart was oppreſſed with the exceſs of her joy, and the view of the completion of her higheſt hopes filled her with apprehenſions. On Sir Charles's preſſing her to name the happy day, her generous concern for the diſtreſſes of the noble lady made her deſire to wait till he had received a letter, in anſwer to one he had wrote, to inform her that he had paid his addreſſes to an Engliſh lady, who would do honour to his choice. At length this letter arrived, and in it the generous Clementina, in the fulleſt terms, expreſſed her wiſhes that the Engliſh lady might make him as happy as ſhe herſelf would have endeavoured to have done, had not an inſurmountable obſtacle intervened; declaring that ſhe wiſhed for nothing with greater ardour than to hear of the celebration of their nuptials.

At

At laſt, the happy day was fixed. The relations of Miſs Byron choſe to have the ceremony performed in as public a manner as poſſible; and Sir Charles coming into their meaſures, that lady acquieſced, though ſhe could not, without great uneaſineſs, think of being expoſed, on this ſolemn occaſion, to the view of a number of ſpectators. Sir Charles invited his neareſt relations, and thoſe of Miſs Byron were deſirous of attending her. On the morning of the happy day, finding her apprehenſions encreaſe, Mrs. Shirley, her excellent grandmother, bleſſed and encouraged her; and Sir Charles entreated, that in compliment to the beſt of parents, ſhe would reſume her uſual preſence of mind; elſe I, ſaid he, who ſhould glory in receiving the honour of your hand before a thouſand witneſſes, ſhall be ſorry that I acquieſced ſo chearfully for a public celebration. This day, my deareſt life, ſaid he, we call upon the world to witneſs our mutual joy. Let us ſhew that world, that our hearts are one, and that the ſacred ceremony cannot make it more ſo. The engagement is a holy

one;

one; and let us ſhew the multitude, as well as our ſurrounding friends, that we think it a laudable one. I call upon you, my deareſt love, to juſtify my joy by your viſible approbation. The world around you has been accuſtomed to ſee your lovers, ſhew them now the huſband of your choice. Oh, Sir! returned the lady, you have given me a motive, which through the whole ſacred tranſaction I will never loſe ſight of.

The ladies were all elegantly dreſſed; but Miſs Byron was in virgin white. The proceſſion to church conſiſted of eight coaches and four, and the way was lined with ſpectators. On their ſtopping at the church-yard, four tenants daughters, the eldeſt not above thirteen, unexpectedly appeared with neat baſkets in their hands filled with flowers; and as ſoon as the bride, Mr. Selby, Sir Charles, and Mrs. Shirley alighted, theſe pretty little Flora's, all dreſſed in white, with chaplets of flowers for head-dreſſes, large noſegays in their boſoms, white ribbons adorning their ſtays and their baſkets, ſome ſtreaming down, and others tied round the handles

in

in true lovers knots, attended the company, two going before, and the others here and there, all ſtrewing flowers.

At the concluſion of the ceremony, Sir Charles, with a joy that lighted up a finer fluſh than uſual in his face, took the bride by the hand, and ſaluting her, ſaid in an audible voice, May God, my deareſt life, be gracious to your Grandiſon, as he will be good to his Harriet, now no longer Byron! She curteſied low, every one bleſſing her, and pronouncing her the loveliеſt of women, and him the politeſt and moſt graceful of men. Sir Charles now led her into the veſtry, followed by the reſt of their friends; and the moment ſhe beheld her grandmother, ſhe kneeling, cried, Bleſs, madam, your happy, happy child. God for ever bleſs, ſaid ſhe, the darling of my heart! Sir Charles then, bending his knee to the venerable lady, ſaid, Receive and bleſs alſo your ſon. The good lady was affected; ſhe ſlid off her ſeat on her knees, and lifting up her hands and eyes, while the tears trickled down her cheeks, cried, Thou Almighty, bleſs the dear ſon of my wiſhes!

wiſhes! He raiſed her with a pious tenderneſs, and ſaluted her, Excellent lady! ſaid he; but was too much affected to ſay more; and having ſeated her, turned to Mrs. Selby. Words are poor, ſaid he. My actions, my behaviour ſhall ſpeak the grateful ſenſe I have of your goodneſs, ſaluting her; of yours, madam, to Mrs. Shirley; and of yours, my deareſt life, addreſſing himſelf again to his lovely bride, who ſeemed ſcarce able to ſupport her joy. Let me once more, added he, bleſs the hand that has bleſſed me! She chearfully offered it. I give you, Sir, ſaid ſhe, my hand, curteſying, and with it a poor but grateful heart—It is all your own. He bowed upon it, unable to ſpeak. Joy, joy, joy, was wiſhed the happy pair from every mouth. See, my dear young ladies, ſaid the happy and inſtructive Mrs. Shirley, addreſſing herſelf to ſeveral who had entered the veſtry, the reward of duty, virtue, and obedience! How unhappy muſt thoſe parents and relations be, whoſe daughters, unlike our Harriet, have diſgraced themſelves and their families by a ſhameful choice!

As

As my Harriet's is, ſuch, looking round her, be your lot, my amiable daughters! They each beſought her hand, kiſſed it, and promiſed to cheriſh the memory of what they had ſeen and heard.

The moment the ceremony was concluded, the bells were ſet a ringing, and Sir Charles led his lovely bride through a lane of applauding ſpectators, in the church and church-yard, flowers being ſtill ſtrewed as they paſſed, by little Flora's. My ſweet girls, ſaid he, I deſire you to compleat the honour you have done us by giving us your company at Selby-houſe. They came back in the ſame order they went, and on their aſſembling in the great hall, mutual congratulations flowed from every mouth: every man ſaluted the happy bride, and the equally happy bridegroom ſaluted every lady. The lady G—, Sir Charles's ſiſter, led her into a parlour, and holding her in her arms, Now, my dear, ſaid ſhe, do I ſalute my real ſiſter, my ſiſter Grandiſon, both in Lady L——'s name and my own: May God confirm and eſtabliſh your happineſs! My deareſt, deareſt lady G——,

returned the bride, how grateful, how encouraging is your kind ſalutation! Your continued love, and that of my dear Lady L——, will be eſſential to my happineſs! But why, ladies, ſaid Sir Charles, do you ſequeſter yourſelves from the company? Are we not all of a family to-day? The four little Flora's with their baſkets in their hands are entering the gates: we will join the company, and call them in. They returned into the great hall, and the pretty Flora's being introduced, Sir Charles taking each by the hand, ſaid, My pretty loves, I wiſh I could preſent you with as pretty flowers as you threw away in honour of this company, putting five guineas into each baſket; and then preſented them, two in each hand, to his bride, who received them with the moſt graceful familiarity and eaſe.

Afterwards the children deſiring to return to their parents, were conducted to them; but ſoon came back with a requeſt from all the tenants, for whom an entertainment had been provided in the leſſer park, that ſome time in the day, they might have the honour of

ſeeing

ſeeing the bridegroom and bride among them, were it only for two minutes; but this the bride declining, Sir Charles promiſed to go and make her excuſe.

In the afternoon Sir Charles went, agreeable to his promiſe, when the tenants and their wives all wiſhed him joy; and as they would not ſit down while he ſtood, he took his ſeat, and the reſt followed his example. One of the honeſt men obſerved, that he remembered the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Byron, and praiſed them as the beſt and happieſt of mankind. Another remembered the birth of the bride; and others talked of what an excellent lady ſhe was from her infancy. And let me tell you, Sir, ſaid a grey-headed man, that you will have much ado to deſerve her. Sir Charles was highly pleaſed with his honeſt freedom: he apologized for his not bringing her with him; but told them that he hoped they ſhould have one happy dinner together, before he liſt Northamptonſhire; and then, with his uſual affability, eaſe, and politeneſs, took his leave. The happy day was concluded with a ball, which was opened by the

bride and bridegroom, by the deſire of the whole company.

Sir Charles wrote the very next day to inform his dear friend the Barone della Porretta of the actual celebration of his nuptials, and concluded with a caution, given in the warmeſt terms, againſt urging Clementina with too much earneſtneſs to marry. The ſame day, by Sir Charles's deſire, the church-wardens brought a liſt of the poor, amounting to upwards of a hundred and forty perſons, divided into two claſſes; the one of the acknowledged poor, the other of houſekeepers and labouring people, who were aſhamed to apply, but to whom the church-wardens knew his bounty would be acceptable. He gave very liberally; and in particular, to about thirty of the laſt he gave very handſomely; and the church-wardens, who were men of great humanity, went away bleſſing him.

On the following Sunday, the relations of the bride and bridegroom were all richly dreſſed. The bride, lovely in any dreſs, wore richer ſilks than uſual, coſtly laces, and jewels that added grace to that admirable proportion, and thoſe fine

fine features, to which no painter has ever been able to do juſtice. The bride-groom was principally admired for his native eaſe and dignity, and that inattention to his own appearance, which ſhews the truly fine gentleman, accuſtomed to be always elegant. On his lady's coming to him and her friends, they involuntarily roſe as if to pay her homage; but Sir Charles approaching her with an air of unuſual freedom, cried, How lovely! But what is even all this amazing lovelineſs to the graces of her mind? They every hour riſe upon me. She hardly opens her lips, but I find reaſon to bleſs God and you, my dear ladies, bowing to Mrs. Shirley and Mrs. Selby; for God and you have given her goodneſs. My dear life, allow me to ſay, that this perſon, which will be your firſt perfection in every ſtranger's eye, is but a ſecond in mine. Teach me, Sir, ſaid ſhe, to deſerve your love, by improving the mind you have the goodneſs to prefer, and then I ſhall be the happieſt of women upon earth. The church was extremely crouded, and the charming couple greatly admired; Sir

Charles and his bride, however, did not forget that humble deportment due to the place, which ſeemed to render them abſent for the time from that ſplendor which attracted every eye out of the pews in which the family were placed. The church, in the afternoon, was ſtill more crouded. How was Sir Charles bleſſed by the poor, and people of low circumſtances, for his well-diſpoſed bounty! Sir Charles and his bride, having received and returned the viſits of the neighbouring gentry, and given the tenants their company at another entertainment provided for them, they ſet out for Grandiſon-hall, Sir Charles's principal ſeat; where having again run the round of receiving and paying viſits, they ſettled into that pleaſing ſerenity, that conſtitutes the moſt perfect ſtate of human happineſs.

A conſiderable part of his time was now employed in improving his eſtate, in order to enable him to exerciſe his generous ſpirit. He became acquainted with every tenant, and even cottager, enquiring into their circumſtances, the number of their children, and their proſpects.

ſpects. When they were diſtreſſed, he would forgive arrears of rent, or ſend them on urgent occaſions a ſupply of money; and when they had no proſpect of ſucceſs, he gave them money to quit. At the tenant's deſire, he tranſplanted one to a larger farm, and another to a leſs, according to their ſtock, or the probability of ſucceſs. By theſe means, his tenants overcame every difficulty, and grew rich, while he himſelf reaped the benefit of his own generoſity, by the eaſe and punctuality with which they paid their rents. On the other hand, he began to employ himſelf in reconciling the differences between his friends and tenants; and frequently united thoſe, who from any miſunderſtanding became at variance; it being his ſettled opinion, that a day ſpent in reſtoring peace and harmony, let the objects be ever ſo mean, is more pleaſing, upon reflection, than a day ſpent in the moſt elegant indulgence.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Clementina, *who had eſcaped from her Friends, came to* England *to avoid marrying the Count of* Belvedere, *and is protected by Sir* Charles *and his Lady. She is followed by her Relations and Friends, who were received by Sir* Charles, *and by his Management every Uneaſineſs is removed. The Concluſion.*

WHILE Sir Charles was thus employed in the generous acts of humanity and friendſhip, a letter they received from the Barone della Porretta filled him with deep concern. By this letter he learned, that the Lady Clementina being ſtrongly bent on taking the veil, had been preſſed with ſuch earneſtneſs and inceſſant importunity to give her hand to the Count of Belvedere, as had greatly diſordered her brain, and that, to avoid that union, and put a ſtop to theſe importunate ſolicitations, ſhe had fled from her friends, and with no other attendants than her page, an Engliſh youth, and her ſervant Laura, had embarked in a veſſel bound for London;

London; and that both her father, mother, and himſelf, together with ſeveral other of her friends, being inconſolable for her loſs, were following her; beſeeching him to ſearch for the fugitive Clementina, and to provide them lodgings againſt their arrival. It is no wonder that this news gave both Sir Charles and his lady great concern. They were then at Grandiſon-hall, and that lady being firmly convinced of the ſteadineſs of his virtue, immediately perſuaded him to give the unhappy Clementina his protection. Dear, Sir, ſaid ſhe, conſider me as a ſtrengthener, not as a weakener of your hands, in her ſervice. My only anxiety is for her ſafety and honour, and for your concern on the affecting occaſion, and let me by ſympathizing with you, leſſen it. Soul of my ſoul, cried he, claſping her to his boſom, I had not the leaſt doubt of your generous goodneſs. It would be doing injuſtice to the unhappy lady, and to the knowledge I have of my own heart, as well as to you, the abſolute miſtreſs of it, to think it neceſſary to make profeſſions of my inviolable love

to

to you. I will acquant you with every ſtep I take on this occaſion, and muſt have your advice as I go along; for ſuch delicate minds as yours and Clementina's muſt be nearly allied.

Sir Charles immediately rode poſt to town, where he found a long letter from the fugitive lady, who, in unconnected ramblings, lamented the ſtep ſhe had taken; obſerving, that ſhe was far from being happy, but wiſhed for his advice and protection, though ſhe did not dare to let him know where he might ſee her; yet at the ſame time informed him how he might direct a letter ſo as to come to her hands. He ſtrove, in his anſwer, to ſooth her mind; offering to put her under his lady's or his ſiſter's protection; and beſeeching her to remove his anxiety, by giving him an immediate opportunity of ſeeing her. In another letter, ſhe earneſtly endeavoured to engage him to uſe his intereſt with her friends, to allow her the freedom of her choice, and prevent her being forced to marry the Count of Belvedere. All this he readily promiſed in his reply; and ſhe allowed him to wait on her.

Sir

Sir Charles went, and was introduced by her ſervant Laura. On his entering the room, he immediately welcomed her to England. Do you, can you, cried ſhe, bid me welcome, me a fugitive, an ingrate, undutiful!—O Chevalier, don't debaſe your unſullied character, by approving the unnatural ſtep I have taken. I do bid you welcome, madam, ſaid he; your brother, your friend, from his ſoul, welcomes you to England. Let me know, Chevalier, before another word paſſes, returned ſhe, whether I have a father? whether I have a mother? Thank God, madam, you have both, ſaid he. God, I thank thee! cried ſhe, lifting up her hands. Had I not, diſtraction would have been my portion! If they had been no more, I ſhould have thought myſelf the moſt deteſtable of parricides. They are in the utmoſt diſtreſs, rejoined he, for your ſafety; and will think themſelves happy when they know that you are well, and in the poſſeſſion of your brother Grandiſon. Will they, ſir? cried ſhe; O how ſtrange! They ſo cruel, yet ſo indulgent! I ſo dutiful, yet a fugitive!

gitive! But determined as I was againſt entering into a ſtate I had too much honour to enter with a reluctant heart, could I have taken any other ſtep to free myſelf from the cruelty of perſuaſion? Your conſcience, madam, ſaid he, is a law to you. If that accuſes you, you'll repent; if it acquits you, who ſhall preſume to condemn? Sir Charles then ſtrove to raiſe her ſpirits, by expatiating on the kind reception ſhe would meet with among his friends. She then remarked, that he forbore to mention the principal perſon among them, and aſked what his lady would think of the poor fugitive Clementina? deſiring him to aſſure her, that ſhe would not have landed in England, if he had not been married; adding, that ſhould ſhe render him and his lady unhappy, no perſon on earth could hate her ſo much as ſhe ſhould hate herſelf. Sir Charles aſſured her, that her happineſs was really eſſential to that of them both; that his Harriet was another Clementina, whom ſhe muſt know and love, for ſhe was prepared to receive her as the deareſt of her ſiſters. Generous Lady Grandiſon!

diſon! ſaid ſhe, I have heard her character, and congratulate you, Sir, on your happineſs; I ſhould have been grieved had you not met with a lady worthy of you: but my being ſenſible of your happineſs, and that you do not blame me for declining your addreſſes, will contribute more to my peace of mind than I can expreſs. When I have more courage, and this poor heart is eaſed of that part of its trouble, you ſhall preſent me to her. In the mean time tell her, that I will love her; and that I ſhall ever think myſelf under the higheſt obligations for making him happy, whom once, but for a ſuperior motive, I had the vanity to think I could have made ſo. She here turned away her glowing face, bedewed with tears, while Sir Charles's admiration of her greatneſs of mind, ſo like that of his own Harriet, kept him ſilent; but he at laſt perſuaded her to accept of an apartment at Lady L——'s, ſhe conſented to go thither the next day. Sir Charles and his ſiſter came the next morning, and after an affecting interview, took her away in Lord L's coach.

All the ladies of Sir Charles's family ſtrove who ſhould moſt oblige the unhappy Clementina; and particularly his Lady, who had all along admired her for her virtues and noble magnanimity, and now treated her with the tender affection of a beloved ſiſter. Clementina had not been long acquainted with the principal perſons of this happy family, when Sir Charles received a letter by an expreſs from his dear friend the Barone, to let him know the Marquis and the Marchioneſs, with ſeveral of their friends, were landed at Dover; upon which he immediately ſet out with four coaches and ſix of his own and his friends, to accommodate them and their attendants, he having before fitted up his houſe in Groſvenor-ſquare for their reception. He had not been long gone, when the Count of Belvedere, who impatiently longed to hear news of Clementina, arrived with one of his friends, and were received by Lady Grandiſon with all poſſible marks of reſpect: ſhe let them know that ſhe was ſafe, and in good hands; but no arguments could prevail

prevail on her to inform them where that lady was.

Sir Charles no ſooner arrived at Dover, than he was received with inexpreſſible joy by the whole noble family; however, though he found them breathing nothing but reconciliation and love to their dear Clementina, he was determined to keep her concealed, till he was fully ſatisfied that her underſtanding could not be endangered by her being teazed to marry the Count of Belvedere.

Sir Charles conducted the family, by eaſy journeys, to London, where he brought them to the houſe he had provided for their reception; and was agreeably ſurpriſed on their arrival, at finding that his lady had, unknown to him, prepared an elegant repaſt. The Marchioneſs was ſo impatient to ſee Clementina, that every one was afraid of the conſequences, with reſpect to her health; and, on the other hand, the young lady was grieved at finding herſelf ſo ſituated, as to be obliged to cauſe her parents to enter into articles with her before ſhe kneeled to them, which ſhe longed to do, notwithſtanding her

dreading to ſee them. Sir Charles, by the deſire of all parties, drew up a paper, copies of which were given both to the principal perſons of her family, and to Clementina; in which he propoſed, that ſhe ſhould lay aſide all thoughts of retiring to a convent, be allowed to chuſe her way of life, and her attendants; that her parents and brothers ſhould promiſe never to perſuade her, much leſs to compel her, to marry any man; and that the Count of Belvedere ſhould diſcontinue his addreſſes. After ſome debate the whole family conſented to theſe articles; but the Lady Clementina found the greateſt difficulty in giving up her favourite project of taking the veil; nor could the Count of Belvedere, without the greateſt agony of mind, ſubmit to diſcontinue his pretenſions. Theſe precautions being taken, Clementina was to be introduced to her longing parents; but her dread of appearing before them made her entreat the Lady Grandiſon and the Lady L— to introduce and countenance her by their preſence; to which they willingly conſented. At the time fixed for this affecting

affecting interview, Sir Charles went to prepare her expecting parents, while the Lady Grandiſon waited upon her. Clementina looking wild and diſordered, and giving Lady L— and Lady Grandiſon her hand, was led to the coach; but at ſtepping in ſhe trembled, and appeared much diſturbed. They gave her all the comfort they were able, while the coach drove to Groſvenor-ſquare. On its ſtopping, Sir Charles appeared, and ſeeing her emotion, It is kind, my dear ſiſter, ſaid he, to accompany the Lady Clementina—Your goodneſs will be rewarded by the pleaſure of ſeeing the moſt gracious reception that ever indulgent parents gave a long abſent daughter. O Chevalier! was all Clementina could ſay. He then told her that he would lead her into a drawing-room, where ſhe ſhould ſee none but thoſe who were with her. Viſibly encouraged, ſhe gave him her trembling hand, and he led her in, followed by the two ladies, who ſeated themſelves on each ſide of her, but with difficulty kept her from fainting by their ſalts and ſoothing: on her recovering a little,

holding up her finger with wildneſs in her looks, ſhe caſt her eyes to the doors and windows, crying, Huſh! they will hear us; but ſoon coming more to herſelf, O Chevalier! ſaid ſhe, what ſhall I ſay? How ſhall I look? What ſhall I do? Am I indeed in the ſame houſe with my father, my mother, Jeronymo? Who elſe? who elſe? My deareſt Clementina, ſaid Sir Charles, it is, from love and tenderneſs to you, agreed, that you firſt only ſee your mother, then your father, and at your own pleaſure your brothers, Mrs. Beaumont, and Father Mareſcotti. Your mamma, madam, who is all indulgence, is impatient to hold you to her heart. What joy will you give her! He offered his hand, and ſhe gave him hers, making a motion for the two ladies to come with her, and who followed her into the room, where was her expecting mother. They ran to each other with open arms. O my Clementina! O my mamma! was all they could utter; they ſunk on the floor, the mother's arms about the daughter's neck, the daughter's about the mother's waiſt. Sir Charles lifting them

them up, ſeated them by each other. Pardon! pardon! pardon! cried Clementina, lifting up her hands and eyes, and ſliding out of her mother's arms on her knees. The Marquis, unable longer to contain himſelf, ruſhed in, crying, My daughter! my child! my Clementina! do I once more ſee my child? Sir Charles had lifted her up, when her father entered, but ſhe again ſunk down proſtrate on the floor, with her arms extended, crying, O father, forgive! forgive me, O my father! By Sir Charles's aſſiſtance he raiſed her up, and ſeating her between himſelf and his lady, they both threw their arms about her; ſhe in broken accents repeating prayers for forgiveneſs, while they in accents as broken, uttered their bleſſings.

When Clementina's firſt emotions were over, and ſhe began to look up, ſhe cried, Behold, madam, behold, my Lord, looking at Lady L——, the hoſpitable lady with whom I have lived. Behold, looking at Lady Grandiſon, a more than woman, an angel!—She here ſeemed at a loſs for words. We have before, ſaid the Marquis, ſeen and admired,

mired, in Lady Grandiſon, the nobleſt of all women. He aroſe to approach the ladies, when Sir Charles leading them both to him, Clementina firſt ſnatched Lady Grandiſon's hand, and eagerly preſſed it to her lips, and then Lady L——'s. Her heart was full, and ſhe ſeemed unable to ſpeak; when the two ladies, with their eyes over-flowing with tears, congratulated the father, mother, and daughter.

Sir Charles then withdrew, but ſoon returned with the Biſhop and Seignior Jeronymo. It is not eaſy to determine whether theſe Lords ſhewed more joy than Clementina did ſhame and confuſion. She attempted to beg pardon, but the Biſhop cried, Not one word of paſt afflictions. None are in fault. We are all once more happy; happy by means of this friend of mankind in general, and of our family in particular. My ever noble and venerable brother, ſaid Jeronymo, who had claſped his ſiſter to his fond heart, how I love you for thus comforting and encouraging the dear Clementina! Every article of my Grandiſon's propoſals ſhall be carried into

into execution. We will, as he has deſired, rejoice with him in England; and he, and all thoſe who are dear to him, ſhall accompany us to Italy. Sir Charles then introduced the juſtly eſteemed Mrs. Beaumont, when Clementina throwing herſelf into her arms, cried, Forgive me, virtue will! Pardon her who never, never would have ſo diſgraced your excellent leſſons, and her mamma's bright example, had not her unhappy mind been darkened by a heavy cloud. My dear Lady, returned ſhe, it was not your fault, but your misfortune. You deſerved pity and not blame. We all think ſo, and came here to heal your wounded mind: be that healed, and we all ſhall be happy.

The articles ſigned and witneſſed were put into her hands a day or two after; when having written her name, ſhe tore off the other names, and kiſſing the torn bit, put it in her boſom; then falling herſelf on her knees to her father and mother, who ſtood together, ſhe preſented the paper, crying, Never let it be mentioned that your Clementina has preſumed to bind by theſe articles

ticles the deareſt of parents. My name ſtands, and will be a witneſs againſt me, if I break thoſe I have ſigned; but in your forgiveneſs, my Lord, in yours, madam, and in a thouſand acts of indulgence, I have too much experienced your paſt goodneſs to doubt the future. May God enable your Clementina to be all you wiſh! Only indulge me in my choice of a ſingle life, and your word is all the aſſurance I deſire. They embraced her; then tenderly raiſing her, embraced her again.

This noble lady was not informed till the day before, that the Count of Belvedere had accompanied her friends to England. Sir Charles made uſe of great precaution in telling her; and at the ſame time let her know that the Count was very deſirous of taking his leave of her. She conſented to ſee him as one of the friends of her father and brothers, and in that light deferred his departure. She had afterwards ſeveral converſations with him, and before all her relations behaved towards him with the reſpect due to his merit. She was ſenſible of the ardour with which her

parents

parents and brothers wiſhed to ſee her married to that accompliſhed nobleman. She could not help obſerving the pleaſure that ſparkled in his eyes whenever ſhe was pleaſed to enter into diſcourſe with him; and ſeriouſly conſidering their motives, with the extraordinary merit of the Count, together with the reaſons that had induced her to reſolve never to enter into the marriage ſtate, ſhe, at length, began to heſitate, and voluntarily promiſed her relations, that if within a year's time ſhe ſhould find no reaſon to change her mind, ſhe would chearfully comply with their wiſhes.

In ſhort, this noble family ſtaid ſeveral months with Sir Charles, part of which time they paſſed at Grandiſon-Hall. Every opportunity was taken to render their reſidence in England as agreeable as poſſible, and on their taking their leave, Sir Charles and his Lady atteded them to Dover. Jeronymo, however, ſtaid in England with Sir Charles, in order to reap the benefit of the Bath waters, by means of which, added to the aſſiſtance he had received from

from the excellent Mr. Lowther, he was perfectly recovered.

The next year, Sir Charles and his Lady, with his two ſiſters and their Lords, attended him to Italy, where they were received by his noble family with tranſports of joy. They had there the pleaſure to find the lady Clementina perfectly free from her unhappy diſorder of mind, by which ſhe had been ſo long afflicted. After having ſpent ſeveral months in Italy, Sir Charles and his Lady, in company with his brothers and ſiſters, returned together to England, where they had the pleaſure to reſume their former plan of life. Their piety and virtue are the ſources of the nobleſt pleaſures that can fill the human mind. While they are admired and beloved by their friends, they are regarded with grateful affection by their tenants, and reverenced by the poor.

FINIS.